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REVIEWS

Briefe eines Verstorbenen, &c.—Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828. By a German Prince. Vols. III. & IV. Stuttgart, 1831.

THE remaining volumes of this work have been received from Germany, and though it might have saved us cost and labour, had we waited until the London publishers brought out their translation, we, thinking only how to gratify the readers of the *Athenæum*, shall perform that labour of love ourselves.

In our notice of the two volumes of this 'Tour,' which have been so widely read, and so diversely criticized, we took the view since taken by the *Edinburgh*, rather than that adopted by the *Quarterly*, of the spirit and tendency of Prince Puckler Muskau's work. To us, there appeared an all-redeeming tone of natural and manly feeling throughout the book; and we were willing to ascribe the occasional inaccuracies and harsh judgments, into which the author was betrayed, to a necessarily imperfect knowledge of our social laws and institutions, as also of those components, which, separately taken, may seem incongruous enough, but which, combined, go to the constitution of what we must take leave to call a noble national character. At present, however, we regret to state, that a further acquaintance with the Prince, as he shows himself in the two untranslated volumes of his Tour, has convinced us that there is at the bottom of his false estimate, a petty, and indeed puerile, jealousy of England, and everything English. In the volumes which we have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers, the proofs of his jealousy are often expressed with much of the dignity wherewith a child demurs at the unequal distribution of an orange. He bitterly complains of the courtesy extended by his countrymen to ours in Germany—and says, that an obscure individual, or mere private gentleman from England, is as well received, and as much *fêted* by Germans, as a man with two names and a princely prefix, is by us. Yet this complaint is surely rather odd, when coming from one who, in the translated volumes, delivers himself with an indignation, which, we remember, pleased us much, against the slavish reverence with which his "Highness" was everywhere received. He unmercifully comments on the impertinence of an English lady, at whose house he visited during the race-week at Newmarket—and for what? He was seated next to her at dinner, and, in reply to her question, "Do you know the Queen of —?" answered in the affirmative; the fair questioner observed—"She is a great friend of mine." Not to mention the variety of shades of meaning, which this phrase

conveys, we really cannot see anything so vastly irreverent—let the words have been employed in what sense they will. But the Prince is absolutely furious with the lady in question. "Is it not," he exclaims, "in the highest degree surprising, that our German great ones, who are pretty well provided with pride and *morgue* towards their countrymen, should treat every English person as their equal, let him be ever so undistinguished in mind, merely because he is English, without making the least inquiry as to whether the said person has, at home, any station which could justify such condescension?" All this may be richly merited by the royal and noble persons of Germany, for aught we know; but, really, there does appear to us, no earthly cause for so much wrath; and, least of all, should the Prince have been so precise in his indication of the *when* and the *where* this conversation occurred. His sermon to his too-condescending countrymen, would have lost none of its effect, from a little consideration for the feelings of a family, where he had been hospitably entertained, and to whom this exposure, in print, detailing, as it does, a daughter's somewhat ostentatious display of a letter from some German Princess, with whom she corresponded, can hardly fail to prove a source of vexatious annoyance. And upon this point we may just remark, that, on the appearance of the two first published volumes of the 'Tour,' which were in fact the last written, it was stated, that the editor of the 'Posthumous Letters,' (that was their title,) was unwilling to send them forth in their natural order, as the two first written contained remarks on persons and things, which might be unpleasant to parties still living. No sooner, however, are the published volumes bought up with an avidity, promising wonders for the sale of those having the spice of additional personality, than the editor—or in plain English, Prince Puckler Muskau—magnanimously resolves to offer up the feelings of all parties at the shrine of prurient curiosity, and, it may be, not without some views of individual profit. Well—what has been written cannot be recalled; and it forms part of our duty to point out where we conceive the Prince to be the victim of prejudice, (to use no stronger term,) which we shall accordingly do, leaving him to speak for himself, and, at the same time, feeling no apprehension, that our hasty version will in any degree interfere with the labours of the accomplished lady, to whom the public are indebted for the two volumes already before them, and at whose hands they look for the remainder of the Tour. If the lucubrations of Prince Puckler Muskau had no other merit—and this we by no means wish to convey—than the having furnished an occasion for so triumphant a version from the German, they would still be worthy, on this

account alone, of our acknowledgments; though, at the same time, we cannot but join in the regrets of the *Edinburgh Review*, that talents and acquirements like those of the lady alluded to, should be applied to such an ephemeral work as this, from a conviction that the time is not yet come, when national prejudices and a vitiated literary taste would give way before the vigorous beauty of German genius, so as to reward the toil of the translator.

We open our extracts with some account of the "Travellers' Club," into which the Prince was received as a visitor—and which he treats just as well as any of the private families who opened their doors to him:—

"In the absence of society, the several clubs, to which foreigners have now the privilege of admission, are a great convenience. The Ambassador has procured me the *entrée* to two of these, 'The United Service Club,' where, excepting members of the Embassy, only military men, and, indeed, among these, none but field officers are admitted; and the 'Travellers' Club,' in which every respectable foreigner, provided with a proper introduction, is received; but the mortifying rule, by which the admission must be applied for at the expiration of three months, and this with the most rigid adherence to the day appointed, can hardly be reconciled to one's notions of courtesy.

"In Germany, we have as little idea of the elegance and comfort, as of the strict administration of the law in these clubs."

The Prince then goes on to give an account of the wonderful luxury of stairs and chambers "adorned" with carpets and "rugs," which he parenthetically observes, are "various-coloured preparations of sheepskin and wool." The marble chimney-pieces, the splendid mirrors, "all of one piece, so peculiar to English luxury," and the profusion of furniture, are enthusiastically eulogized, as together making a room "*küchst comfortable*"—by which His Highness means "particularly snug." He is no less eloquent on the arrangements of the library, where "a person is always at hand to bring any book required;" while the peculiar ingenuity, whereby maps on rollers have been provided with a string, "which," says the Prince, "you have only to pull, and down comes the map for your inspection!" absolutely transports him. But now we come to the "*unco guid*"—the *cuisine* of the Travellers. And here we shall find our author a most vinous critic:—

"The table, I mean the eating—with most men, the great business of life, and by no means the least with me—is, generally speaking, good—thanks to French cookery—and as cheap as, in London, it can possibly be. As the Club buys its own wines, and sells them again at prime cost, they are drinkable enough, and not dear. That in London, even among the first houses, a *connoisseur* can rarely meet with the best wines, may be accounted for, by the singular custom, (and this people cling to customs, as closely as an oyster to its shell,) that the

English will only purchase their wines of London wine-merchants, instead of procuring them from the countries where they are grown, as is the custom with us. Now these wine-merchants adulterate the wine to such an astounding degree, that, not long since, when one of them was charged with having so many thousand bottles of claret and port in his cellars, for which he had not paid the duty, he proved, that all the wine in question was of his own brewing, and thus evaded the fine. Of course, under such a system, you may easily conceive what sort of compound a man is often doomed to drink, under the well-sounding names of Champagne, Lafitte, and so forth. Indeed, the merchants seldom think of buying the best wine produced by a country, for the very manifest reason, that they would make little or no profit by it—or, if they do venture on such a purchase, they only use it to pass off any other wretched stuff they may have by them."

"Pardon this wine-digression!" cries the Prince to his beloved Julia. To us it appears unpardonable. In no degree doubting, that more unjustifiable fluid is swallowed by our worthy countrymen, than by any other nation, still, we must say, that in "the first houses," even of our own circle—and we pretend not to princely potations—there is as good wine to be met with, as any we expect to drink, should we pay, as we intend to do, a visit to the Puckler Muskau property. But "back to our clubs," says His Highness—so say we:—

"Nothing surprises a foreigner more than the pitch of refined ease to which the English have carried the art of sitting—and he who knows not the genial form of English chairs for every stage of weariness, sickness, or constitutional peculiarity, must be pronounced ignorant of an important part of mortal life's enjoyment. It is, in fact, a real delight to see an Englishman sitting, or rather, lying in one of these bedlike chairs, before a chimney fire. A contrivance, at the arm of the chair, somewhat resembling a writing-desk, and furnished with a light, is drawn before him, so that with the slightest touch, he can bring it nearer to him or remove it at pleasure. In addition to this, a peculiar machine, of which there are several near the fire-place, receives one or both of his feet, and now, a hat on his head, and the delightfully pleasing picture is complete."

"The custom of half-lying down, instead of sitting, with one leg crossed over the other, so that you hold your foot in your hand, or with the thumbs fixed in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, &c. &c.—these are all things which, in the largest companies, and the most exclusive circles, are overlooked. It is, therefore, likely enough, that hat-wearing is one of this dignified list, the rather, as it prevails in Parisian society, which, contrary to its ancient custom of giving models to the apes of Europe, now—ludicrously enough at times—condescends itself to ape the English, and, as usually occurs in such cases, the copy out—Herods the original."

"In the Travellers' Club I was much amused in this respect, by a distinguished foreigner from the South, who, probably as a satire on these licences of manner, and fashionable rudeness in externals, like the Chinese, took it all very easily, and frequently at play gave open-mouthed vent to certain sounds, which formerly would scarce have been tolerated in a pot-house."

"Travellers see strange things," says the adage, and so will the Travellers of Pall-mall exclaim when this number of the *Athenæum* falls under their wondering gaze. The distinguished foreigner just mentioned as being

such a fragrant or flagrant practical satirist, is, we shrewdly suspect, no other than Prince Puckler Muskau himself—and to prove that this supposition is not wholly groundless, we will give the Prince an opportunity of stating a grievance.

"Of all the outrages against English habits which a man can possibly commit, and which would in all probability pronounce his sentence of banishment—the three following are the principal: to eat with a knife instead of a fork; to take sugar or asparagus with your hand; or, beyond all, to spit upon the floor of a room. This is all right enough—and well-bred people in all countries avoid such actions; though, by the way, in these respects, as in all others, customs are liable to change, for the Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer who represented himself as a nobleman, by the simple fact of his eating olives with a fork and not with his fingers. But it is the extraordinary importance attached to such matters which is laughable. For instance, the last-mentioned crime (spitting on the floor) is, in England, so pedantically prohibited, that one would vainly search all the shops of London for such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who felt this want very severely while in London, declared, in high dudgeon, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his maw."

"These are, I repeat, less than trifles, but the best rules of conduct in a foreign country, have reference almost exclusively to trifles. For example, were I to give some few general rules to a youthful traveller, I should most gravely counsel him as follows: In Naples behave brutally, in Rome be natural, in Austria eschew politics, in France give yourself no airs, in Germany as many as you please, and in England never spit. On this plan, my young friend would go on pretty well through the world."

Now, we think, that the querulous tone of His Highness's complaint of our unwillingness to adopt the Teutonic mode of painting the carpet's lily, and throwing a perfume on its violet, is pretty conclusive as to the possibility of his having been himself the "distinguished foreigner" who brought the cast-off customs of the pot-house into the card-room of the Travellers' Club. But before we proceed further, we must do the Prince the justice to place his other recorded grievances before our readers, so that a fair estimate may be formed of what he had to endure at this club, as also of the spirit, manly or otherwise, in which he met what his countrymen would call "the unavoidable."

"A foreigner will give great offence in the dining-room—which after all is but an elegant restaurateur, where each one pays for his meal when it is finished—if when a servant waits badly or brings one thing in place of another, he should venture to complain or to speak in a loud commanding tone, though the English themselves do this often enough at home, and especially in Germany. And again, it is not merely a mistake, but an unpardonable fault, to read during dinner; for in England it is not the fashion, and I, who am addicted to this bad habit, soon perceived sundry satirical marks of displeasure thereat, from divers of these islanders, who shook their heads as they passed me."

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable" is a saying, the full benefit of which we are willing to give the Prince; and shall therefore content ourselves with the remark, that though his last statement may be true, it looks considerably "like a whale." Nor can we accord any more positive credence to

the charge brought against the members of the 'Travellers' Club,' when His Highness affirms that their rule of play, which requires the loser of 100*l.* and upwards, to 'pay up' on the following morning, is most rigidly enforced against foreigners, while Englishmen are, with the tacit consent of the committee, suffered to defer such payments for weeks and months. He is, however, kind enough to admit, that, in this respect, "the Travellers" (where he was a guest, well treated, he concedes, save and except that he could not scold the servants as he wished,) forms a bad exception among the London clubs, and therefore deserves this public reprehension." We suspect that this "public reprehension" will go far towards closing the door of the Travellers' against "distinguished foreigners" of the caves-dropping and tour-publishing class. As to the ire of Prince Puckler Muskau against the Travellers' Club, it may, without much difficulty, be accounted for, when we consider that Baron Bulow found all his influence necessary to spare his friend the disgrace of expulsion—for what, we know not, but certainly, as the ancient gentlemen would say, *not for his good behaviour*.

Leaving the clubs, let us now accompany the Prince in a very profound and original analogy, which he has drawn between the personal character of Punch, and the national character of Englishmen. Of all the speculations it has been our fortune to fall in or out with, this we think the most peculiar—and we can conceive the face of the Prince presenting much of the appearance so felicitously hit off by him, when he tells us of Goethe: "O you are too kind," said he, with his *South-German manner*, but at the same time with a *North-German satirical smile*."

After some well-merited execration of our barrel-organs, His Highness says—

"But there is another species of street-play, more amusing than the above, a genuine national comedy, which deserves some closer attention, and which has to-day afforded me real diversion beneath my window."

"This is the English Punch (perfectly distinct from the Italian Punchinello), whose true picture I am about to give you, not omitting how he killed his wife, for he is the most reprobate dog I have ever met with, having no more conscience than the wood out of which he is carved, or the mass of the nation whom he represents."

"Punch, like his namesake, has something of the properties of arrack, lemon, and sugar, in his composition—strong, sour, and sweet—and, consequently, of a character not unlike the inebriate mind caused by the beverage. He is, furthermore, the most consummate egotist on earth, *et ne doute jamais de rien*. And by this unrestrainable recklessness and humour he conquers everything, laughs at laws, men, and at the devil himself, in which representation he shows, in part, what the Englishman is, and, in part, what he *might become*—namely, one made up of selfishness, endurance, courage, and, where necessary, a reckless decision on the side of his country, with a disregard and ridicule of every other;—but allow me to continue my sketch of Punch, as it were, in his own words, supplying some little additional information from his biography."

"As a descendant of Punchinello, he is beyond doubt an ancient nobleman, nearly related to Harlequin, Clown, &c., but by his undaunted boldness he is best entitled to be 'the head of the family.' Virtuous he cannot be called, but, like a good Englishman, he doubtless goes to church on a Sunday, though immediately after

he kills a parson who bothers him too much with attempts at conversion. It must be admitted that Punch is a wild fellow, no very moral personage, and not in vain created of wood. For example, no one can box to better purpose, for he feels not the blows of others, while his own are irresistible. Thus, he is a perfect Turk in his disregard of human life, suffers no contradiction, and fears not the devil himself. In many other respects, on the contrary, his great qualities command our admiration. His wonderful insensibility of heart, and his constant good humour, already mentioned with praise, his imperturbable self-satisfaction, his invincible wit, and the consummate cunning with which he extricates himself from every *mauvais pas*, and contrives at last to triumph victoriously over all antagonists, throw a dazzling lustre round the little freedoms which he occasionally permits himself to take with human life. He has been not inaptly pronounced a blending of Richard III. and Falstaff—and, indeed, his appearance combines the crooked legs and the double hump of Richard, with the pleasing corpulence of Falstaff, to which add the Italian length of his nose and the fire of his flashing black eyes.

"His abode is a sort of box supported on four poles, with appropriate internal decorations,—a theatre, which, in a few seconds, can be thrown up at any spot you please."

The Prince then enters on details so very minute of the soliloquies and colloquies of the *dramatis personæ*, that we must refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting an account of mysteries so well understood by our readers, old and young. We shall therefore proceed to the concluding remark of the narrator, to the following effect:—

"I leave it to you, dear Julia, to make all the philosophical reflections, of which not a few are attached to the career of Punch: it would be an especially interesting investigation to inquire how far this favourite and daily-acted popular play may, in the course of so many years, have influenced the *morale* of the ordinary man."

Interesting indeed! but we cannot undertake it, and therefore we accompany our author to another national representation, which, being of a graver character, moved him, he says, to a lively sense of the ludicrous,—even as the exploits of Punch had plunged him in philosophical abstractions as to our national character. He attended at the opening of Parliament by His late Majesty:—

"About half-past two appeared the King, the only one present in full dress, and, indeed, from head to foot arrayed in the ancient regal costume, wearing the crown, and holding the sceptre in his hand. He looked pale and bloated, and was obliged to sit for a long while on the throne before he could gain sufficient breath to read his speech. During this time he gave some kindly looks and condescending greetings to certain of the most favoured among the ladies present. On one side stood Lord Liverpool with the Sword of State, and on the other the Duke of Wellington. All three appeared so miserable, ash-grey, and superannuated, that mortal greatness had never before seemed so truly little in my eyes—indeed, the tragic side of all the comedies we are playing here below, fell heavily on my heart! Yet a lively feeling of the ludicrous also rose within me to see the mightiest monarch of the earth thus forced to stand forward as the principal actor before a public, in his own opinion so immeasurably below him. In truth, the entire scene of the entrance and exit, with the costume of the King, forcibly reminded one of the style in which historical dramas are here produced; and it only wanted the obligato flourish of trumpets, which invariably accom-

pany the coming and going of the Shakspearian kings, to render the illusion complete."

For the present we must close our extracts with one giving proof of that graphic skill which the author is known to possess, and which, when he is in a good humour, he employs with admirable effect. After mentioning his presentation at the levee, he says—

"The King, owing to indisposition, was obliged to continue seated. All those who had received any appointment, knelt before His Majesty and kissed his hand, at which the American Envoy, near to whom I accidentally found myself, smiled sarcastically. The Clerical and Judicial personages cut a singular figure in their black gowns and short or flowing wigs; and one of them became the object of almost general and ill-repressed laughter. This person knelt down to be 'knighted,' as the English call it, and in this position, with the flowing fleece about his head, looked very much like a wether led to the butcher's block. His Majesty motioned to the Grand Functionary for his sword. But, for the first time, perhaps, the sword refused to obey the warrior's hand, and leave the scabbard—he pulled—pushed—but all in vain. The King waiting with out-stretched arm, the Duke straining all his strength without effect, the luckless martyr bowing with silent resignation, as though his end were approaching; and all around the dazzling court in anxious expectation—formed together a group well worthy of Gillray's pencil. At length, like a lightning flash, the sword came forth. His Majesty took it impatiently, for to all appearance his arm had gone to sleep with so long waiting, so that the first blow fell, not upon the new knight, but on his old wig, which, for about a moment left King and subject concealed in one cloud of hair powder."

Memoirs of Great Commanders. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of 'Darnley,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

ON what principle Mr. James has made his selection of the Great Commanders, it is rather difficult to determine, and is not perhaps worth inquiring. We have *Memoirs* of Henry V., King of England; John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford; Gonzalves de Cordova; the Duke of Alva; Oliver Cromwell; George Monk, Duke of Albemarle; Marshal Turenne; the Great Condé; John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; Prince Eugene, of Savoy; Earl of Peterborough; John Manners, Marquis of Granby; and General Wolfe.

We might, indeed, inquire further, why the title of *Memoirs* is given to the work at all—for a memoir seems to us to promise a light gossiping, anecdotal private history, where the reader is admitted behind the scenes, and into the Green Room, and is introduced to the actors in their undress—something, indeed, of even less pretence than biography; whereas, these *Memoirs* are as free from all such familiar fascinations as history itself. But Mr. James has anticipated the objection, and states in the preface, that they are called *Memoirs*, "perhaps erroneously, as having a more confined meaning than *Lives*."

We say this not in the way of censure,—for, upon the whole, we are satisfied with the work,—but to save some disappointment to the reader. We must, however, observe, that it is one of very unequal merit. On first opening the volumes, we turned to the memoir of the Duke of Alva, and found a mere

skeleton of a biography—to that of the Earl of Peterborough, (whose life, properly written, would be more delightful than a romance,—literally romance and reality,) and found it as bald of all strange incidents, as a parish register, or Burke's Peerage. These were sad disappointments; but Wolfe, and Turenne, and Gonzalves de Cordoba, won us back again to good humour—indeed, it was impossible to read the brief memoir of Peterborough, without acknowledging the power and discrimination with which Mr. James has sketched in his character—we shall at once extract it:—

"The character of Lord Peterborough, like that of every other man that ever lived, has been differently estimated according to the character itself of those who have spoken of him. Some have seen nothing in him but a passion for notoriety, and a mania of being talked of; but in general a man who is actuated by such motives does not content himself with performing deeds worthy of mention, but rather strives to call attention to his deeds, whether they be worthy or not. I can conceive no man to be absolutely indifferent to the commendation of his fellows, for such a state of feeling would imply a want of all sympathy with human nature, which I believe seldom exists, even in the most depraved heart, though it may sometimes be assumed by a diseased brain. Yet in Lord Peterborough we do not discover any of those mean arts, by which persons, whose whole object is the uncertain meed of popular applause, and still more those who are indifferent to the better part of fame, and only covet attention, are accustomed to strive for the gaze and babble of the multitude. It is much more probable that the original conformation of his mind caused him naturally to form singular combinations of ideas; and that a peculiarly ardent temperament acting upon great corporeal powers, hurried him from excitement to excitement, while the habit of indulgence induced wilfulness of purpose, and native excellence of impulse directed his efforts in general to great and worthy objects.

"Those who had the most immediate opportunities of judging of his character—and they were men in whom the investigation of motives, and the scrutiny of human nature, became a fault—who applied microscopes to man's mind, and magnified the fine tissue of feelings and actions till it became a web so coarse that the smallest thread was discernible—even they judged nobly of the character of Lord Peterborough. Nor do his recorded actions show any cause for impugning their opinion. As a general he was bold, decisive, persevering, successful, full of just views and great resources, active in enterprise, calm in conduct, and resolute in execution. As a politician and diplomatist, he appears to have possessed the great qualities of frankness and sincerity, joined to the fine ones of a clear insight into the characters of others, a just appreciation of their motives, a correct estimation of measures, and a great fertility of means." iii. 239–241.

The memoir of Wolfe, is a pleasant piece of biography, and Mr. James has used skillfully the few materials which cotemporary writers had left to him. We shall extract an account of his death, and again, Mr. James's summary of his character:—

"The enemy approached steadily and quickly, firing as they came up; but according to the general order the British troops reserved their fire till the distance between the armies was narrowed to forty yards, when pouring it rapidly into the French line, they threw the advancing columns into some confusion. At that moment Wolfe gave the order to charge, and was leading on the Louisbourg Grenadiers to attack the

enemy with the bayonet, when he received a wound in his wrist, to which he paid no farther attention than by wrapping his handkerchief round it. An instant after, however, a second shot passed through his body; and before he fell, a third entered his right breast. He dropped immediately, and was carried insensible to the rear. The troops still pressed on, and General Monkton, the second in command, who was leading on another regiment of Grenadiers, fell severely wounded a moment after. The French wavered; and while their officers were making immense exertions to keep them to their ground, Montcalm was killed in the centre of the line. Nearly at the same moment each of the British regiments closed with their adversaries. The bayonets of the Grenadiers drove the enemy in confusion down the slope; the Scotch regiments threw away their muskets and drew their broadswords; the French dispersed in every direction, and the cry, 'They run! They run!' echoed over the field.

"Wolfe had lain without speech, and though he apparently revived from time to time, yet he never raised his head, and scarcely had animation returned for an instant before he again fainted away. At the moment when the French were finally put to flight, however, he was lying seemingly insensible: but at that cry 'They run! they run!' his eyes opened, and looking up, he demanded eagerly, 'Who run?'"

"'The French!' was the reply; 'they are in full flight down the hill.' 'Then, I thank God,' said the General, 'I die contented;' and with those words upon his lips General Wolfe expired." iii. 341-3.

"It rarely indeed happens that so short a life, —not four and thirty years—has been able to comprise such great actions, and to acquire such a mighty name; but Wolfe died in the happy moment of success: and the consequences of his achievements, proved the best comment on their importance. Nor was the voice of a great orator and noble-minded man wanting to do full justice to the merits of the dead officer. Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, in moving an address to the King, to petition that a monument might be erected to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, pronounced a splendid panegyric upon the man by whose courage, perseverance, skill, and talent, one of his own greatest schemes had been conducted to complete success. The voice of the whole nation seconded the appeal of the minister; and bright —amidst the immensity of lying epitaphs and vain mausoleums, which in all ages and all countries, have attributed supposititious virtues to the dead—the marble to Wolfe is a true monument of national applause, recording qualities that existed, triumphed, and were valued as they deserved. Contemporary praise paid every tribute to his memory, and passing years—those tell-tale discoverers of hidden frailties—have detected no flaw in his noble reputation. Had he lived longer, fortune it is true might have changed, his schemes might have failed, his exertions proved ineffectual, but still Wolfe would have been a great man. As it was, kind, generous, liberal, brave, talented, enthusiastic, he lived beloved and admired for his short space of being, went on through existence from success to success, and then, like the setting sun of a summer's day, he sunk with the blaze of his glory all about him." iii. 348-350.

The memoirs of Turenne and the Great Condé are both well written, and the distinction between their characters very ably shown.

"The characters of Turenne and Condé were as opposite as that of any two great generals can be. Turenne, prudent, cautious, and skillful, was never bold but as an effect of calculation, and avoided difficulties rather than surmounted them. Condé, bold, ardent, and impetuous, was a great general by nature rather than education, and thought that heaven threw

difficulties in his way only that he might triumph in overcoming them. It may easily be seen therefore that no two men could be less fitted to act the one under the other. Nothing could have been more painful than for Turenne to be commanded by Condé, except for Condé to have been commanded by Turenne, and yet Turenne served under his great rival without a murmur, aided in his bold projects, and contributed to his success. Such is true greatness." ii. 180-81.

In these memoirs, anecdotes are a little more abundant:—

"Though Turenne suffered his troops to pillage with somewhat of licentious good humour, and laid the conquered countries under contribution with far more consideration for the victors than the vanquished, personal cupidity had no share in his conduct. He loved his soldiers as a father, overlooked their faults with a partial eye, and did more for them than he would have done for himself; but no share of the plunder ever found its way to his hands. Two anecdotes of his disinterestedness are attached to the campaign we have just described. On one occasion an officer of rank came to propose to him a plan for gaining four hundred thousand francs in a few days, without the possibility of the transaction being known. Turenne heard him with his usual mildness, and then replied: 'I am much obliged to you, but having often found similar opportunities without taken advantage of them, I do not think it would be worth while to change my conduct at my time of life.' " ii. 202-3.

"Another anecdote is told of Turenne, which may as well be repeated in this place, as it shows that grand and honourable candour which is one of the noblest qualities of the noblest minds. During the time that Louis XIV., abandoned by all his allies, had to struggle alone against the united power of Europe, he employed Turenne to carry on a secret negotiation with Charles II. of England, for the purpose of detaching that monarch from the famous triple alliance. This transaction was conducted through the intervention of the Princess Henrietta of England, who had married the Duke of Orleans. In the suite of that Princess was a lady, of whom Turenne, in the course of frequent and continued intercourse, became enamoured, and with a culpable weakness he revealed to her the object of his negotiations with her mistress. The lady, of course, in turn confided the secret of her ancient lover to a younger one, and he betrayed it to the Duke of Orleans, from whom it had been kept studiously concealed. The Duke reproached his brother, Louis XIV., with want of confidence; and Louis who had only entrusted the knowledge of his plan to Louvois and Turenne, doubting the discretion of the minister, but firmly confident in the general, complained bitterly to Turenne of the supposed misconduct of Louvois. Without a moment's hesitation, Turenne acknowledged his fault, and shielded his enemy from the wrath he had not deserved, by calling it upon his own head. Louis appreciated his magnanimity, and received his confession as full compensation for his offence; but Turenne himself never ceased to regret the event, and to redden whenever the subject was approached. It is said that in after years the Chevalier de Lorraine, to whom the secret had been betrayed by Turenne's frail confidante, happened to mention the circumstance to the great general. 'Stop, stop a moment!' Turenne exclaimed as the other began, 'let me first put out the candles!' " ii. 205-6.

The life of the Great Captain, Gonzalves de Cordova, must, we presume, be considered as the crowning jewel of the work; and we are willing to believe that it has cost Mr. James far greater labour than the others—yet we doubt if he be very certain of his

authorities, or if he has ever seen Quintana's celebrated work: we doubt, for instance, whether Gonzalves was born at Cordova, in 1443, and rather think it was at Montilla, in 1453—but we speak from recollection, and shall not, therefore, trust ourselves with commentary. On the whole, these volumes will repay the reader—it is not a work of much authority, but sufficiently instructive, and will be found pleasant reading.

The Georgian Era. Vol. I. London, 1832. Vizetelly & Co.

THIS is the first volume of a work, which is to contain the Memoirs of the most eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain, from the accession of George I. to the death of George IV., so classed, as to give something like a history of the age, in the pleasant form of biography. The present volume contains—The Royal Family, The Pretenders and their Adherents, Churchmen, Dissenters and Statesmen. The idea is certainly excellent, and the work is got up with great taste. It contains nearly six hundred pages, and one hundred and fifty neat little portraits on wood, and is to be bought for ten shillings and sixpence! The memoirs we have read, are compiled with care, and the summaries written with impartiality. If the editor has not taken a very enlarged and philosophical view of the subject, he has generally contrived to make it entertaining, and the whole volume abounds in anecdote. It will be a delightful work for a country fire-side—and we have not lately seen one we could more cordially recommend to those who are obliged to economize in their library purchases.

The Records of a Good Man's Life. By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., Author of 'May you like it,' &c. Vol. I. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

WE have known Mr. Tayler for some time as a man most pious and most worthy. He has written pretty books full of good sense and sound morality—nay, made occasional excursions into the regions of fancy, or tried his hand on human character, and we thought his flights not far amiss, though neither very high nor very long. The present volumes will bear us out in this opinion: they abound with virtues and in deeds charitable and humane; they likewise contain many dialogues, amusing or instructive, and scenes of very considerable beauty. The work is ostensibly made up from the memorandums, which the good man of the story was so thoughtful as to preserve, of his actions, motives, and sayings: he is a clergyman, and Singleton by name, as pure, too, as pure can well be—perfection obtained by the deduction of vice. It was necessary, indeed, to make the hero the echo of the title-page; yet we are not so sure that the author has concocted him from a very natural receipt: of this, however, our readers shall judge, as the key to his character will be found in the following little scene, which took place after his funeral:

"The evening after the funeral of my revered friend was over, I observed a person walking up and down the broad walk which crosses the churchyard of Kirkstone. He continued there for some time, and frequently, when he approached the spot where the body of Mr. Single-

ton had been buried, he stopped, and seemed to stand in thoughtful silence. I joined him there with a sort of listless curiosity, feeling disposed at that moment to love any one who had loved my venerable friend. I went forth from the now desolate study which overlooks the churchyard, and spoke with the man.

"You were acquainted with the good old minister, who is no longer among us," I said. The man touched his hat respectfully.

"I was, indeed, Sir," he replied. "I learned from him what Christian forgiveness really is. I was at one time his most insulting and bitter enemy. I wish I could have told him before he died how very sorry I have long felt for my wickedness, but I put it off from time to time, from false shame, and the kind, good old gentleman cannot hear me now."

"When I learned the man's name, I remembered that I had heard him mentioned several times by Mr. Singleton, but always in terms of peculiar kindness. This was ever his way: there seemed to be a watchful anxiety about him to feel kindly towards those persons who had displayed anything like ill-will towards him. He never lost an opportunity of doing them a good turn, and with so sweet a grace, that you could see no resentment found harbour in his breast." i. 9-10.

We are of opinion that the defunct was a descendant of the renowned Worldly Wiseman; and we consider it next to incredible that he turned out a worthy member of society. If he did always a good turn to his enemies, with a peculiar grace, how did he acquit himself to his friends? We set him down in our hearts for a bit of a hypocrite the moment we read this; and we are certain, that nowhere else, save in the pages of a novel, could a man of Mr. Singleton's nature have grown into a truly good man. There are other little blemishes of the same nature in these volumes, yet, on the whole, we have read them with considerable pleasure, and recommend them to the old and the young for their piety and fervour. Some of the lesser stories are very good:—of these, 'Anne of Cleves' is historically accurate; so are the 'Lady Lisle' and 'Joan of Kent.' We wish, however, the author to strew fewer paste pearls and artificial flowers over the foregrounds of his pictures; and, above all, tell a plain, straightforward story, without ten thousand dashes and unnecessary halts in the narrative.

REMINISCENCES OF MIRABEAU, BY DUMONT, OF GENEVA.

Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives. Par Etienne Dumont (de Genève). Ouvrage posthume, publié par M. J. L. Duval, Membre du Conseil Représentatif de Genève. Paris, 1832. Charles Gosselin.

THE French revolution forms one of those extraordinary epochs in the history of mankind, when the moral character and peculiar habits of a whole nation undergo a sudden and total change. The light-hearted inconsistency, so peculiar to the French people under the régime of feudalism and oppression, gave way, at the revolution, to serious habits and consistency of purpose; and our lively neighbours (as some writers still absurdly call them,) became a grave, reflecting, and speculative people. A development of energy and talent, of the highest order, was one of the remarkable effects of this generous struggle for political freedom;—and among the many

extraordinary men acted upon by this exciting cause, was the Count de Mirabeau, who, but for such stimulus, would probably have wasted the energies of a master-mind in the pursuit of low and sensual enjoyment.

The talents of Mirabeau were of the highest order—his eloquence quite unrivalled. The effect of his oratory was magical: he exercised the most irresistible sway over the minds of his hearers—excited or controlled at pleasure their feelings and passions—and could influence them to what he "liked or loathed" with a power unequalled, and almost unknown, in the annals of modern eloquence.

Another, and perhaps a more remarkable faculty, was his extraordinary sagacity and political foresight. His predictions seemed like prophecy; and there were but few of his anticipations, which his friends and enemies treasured up as ominous, or ridiculed as absurd, that did not turn out prophetic. He alone—and this has been admitted by historians of all parties—could have controlled the revolutionary excesses which produced the Reign of Terror; and, had he lived, it is not unreasonable to hope and believe, that the bright page of French political regeneration had never been sullied with the blood of a million victims, nor the altars of liberty polluted by the crimes of sanguinary demagogues.

Of such a man, all authentic information is valuable; and, in this posthumous work of his friend Dumont, we find materials with which no other individual could have supplied us. The name of Dumont, the juriconsult of Geneva,—a man of distinguished celebrity, and known not only to have lived in the closest intimacy with Mirabeau, but to have supplied him with the subject-matter and arguments of many of his most powerful speeches,—is of itself sufficient to give a stamp of high authority to these Reminiscences. Dumont, when an exile from his country, resided many years in England. He was the friend and companion of Fox, Sheridan, Lord Holland, of Romilly and Bentham; and the latter is indebted to him for much of his popularity in foreign countries.

We feel, therefore, something like a national interest in this work; and, believing that our readers will feel with us, we had great pleasure in receiving an early copy, and shall be liberal in our translations from it.

These 'Souvenirs' are written in a very simple and unpretending style, and were evidently not intended for publication—at least in their present form: they were probably the materials for a History of the early part of the French Revolution. The editor, M. Duval, has very judiciously given them without the slightest alteration, or any attempts to supply omissions.

The following extracts are selected, not because they are the best parts of the work, but as best suiting our limits, and our wish to give variety and anecdote:—

"When we arrived at Paris in 1788, the character of the Count de Mirabeau was in the lowest state of degradation. He been employed at Berlin by M. de Calonne—was connected with all the enemies of Necker, against whom he had several times exercised his pen—and was considered as a dangerous enemy and a slippery friend. His lawsuits with his family—his clope-

ments—his imprisonments—and his morals, could not be overlooked, even in a city so lax as Paris; and his name was pronounced with detestation at the houses of some of our most intimate friends. Romilly, almost ashamed of his former friendship for Mirabeau, determined not to renew acquaintance with him. But Mirabeau was not a man of etiquette; and having learned our address from Target, at whose house we had dined, he determined to call upon us. The noise of a carriage at the door made Romilly retire to his room, desiring me, should it be a visitor on a call of ceremony, to say that he was out. When Mirabeau was announced, I did not send word to Romilly, because I thought he wished to avoid seeing the Count; and as his room was only separated by a thin partition from the one we were in, I supposed that he could distinguish the voice of our visitor, and make his appearance if he pleased. Mirabeau began the conversation by talking of our mutual friends in London: he then spoke of Geneva—for he well knew that a Genevese was never tired of talking of his country. He said many flattering things of a city which, by producing so many distinguished men, had contributed to the general mass so large a share of genius and knowledge; and he concluded by declaring, that he should never be happy until he was able to free that city from the fetters imposed upon it by the revolution of 1782. Two hours seemed but a moment; and Mirabeau was, in my eyes, the most interesting object in Paris. The visit ended by my promising to dine with him the same day, and he was to return and fetch me in his carriage.

"With whom were you talking so long?" said Romilly, on leaving his room, to which this long visit had confined him.—'Did not you recognize the voice?' inquired I.—'No.'—'And yet you well know the person; and I even think you must have heard a panegyric on yourself, which would have made a superb funeral oration.'—'What! was it Mirabeau?'—'It was; and may I be a fool all my life, if I follow the scruples of our friends to prevent me from enjoying his company. I belong neither to Calonne's party, nor to Necker's, but to his whose conversation animates and delights me. As a commencement, I am going to dine with him to-day.' Mirabeau soon returned, took us both with him, and soon overcame our prejudices. We visited him often, and, taking advantage of the fine weather, made many excursions into the country. We dined with him in the Bois de Boulogne, at St. Cloud, and at Vincennes; at which latter place he showed us the dungeon in which he had been confined three years.' 9—12.

The account of Mirabeau's first triumph at the assembly of the *tiers-état*, is interesting:—

"I ought, before I related this circumstance, to have mentioned Mirabeau's first triumph at the assembly of the *tiers-état*. I was the more affected by it, because it concerned Duroverai,† and never was the most dreadful state of anxiety succeeded by more intense joy than on this occasion. Duroverai was seated in the *salle* with some deputies of his acquaintance. He had occasion to pass to Mirabeau a note written with a pencil. M——, who was already one of the most terrible speechifiers of the assembly, saw this, and asked the member next him, who that stranger was, who was passing notes and interfering with their proceedings. The answer he received was a stimulus to his zeal. He rose, and in a voice of thunder stated, that a foreigner, banished from his native country, and residing in England, from whose government he received a pension, was seated among them, assisting at their debates, and transmitting notes and observations to deputies of their assembly. The

† Also a Genevese juriconsult, and a fellow-exile of Dumont's.

agitation which, on every side of the hall, succeeded this denunciation would have appeared to me less sinister, had it been the forerunner of an earthquake. Confused cries were heard of 'Who is he?—Where is he?—Let him be pointed out!' Fifty members spoke at once, but Mirabeau's powerful voice soon obtained silence. He declared that he would himself point out the foreigner, and denounce him to the assembly. 'This exile,' said he, 'in the pay of England, is M. Duroverai of Geneva; and know that this respectable man, whom you have so wantonly insulted, is a martyr of liberty;—that, as attorney-general of the republic of Geneva, he incurred, by his zealous defence of his fellow-citizens, the indignation of our visirs;—that a *lettre de cachet*, issued by M. de Vergennes, deprived him of the office he had but too honourably filled; and that when his native city was brought under the yoke of the aristocracy, he obtained the honour of exile. Know, further, that the crime of this enlightened and virtuous citizen consisted in having prepared a code of laws, in which he had abolished odious privileges.'

"The impression produced by this speech, of which this is only an abstract, was electrical. It was succeeded by a universal burst of applause. Nothing that resembled this force and dignity of elocution had ever before been heard in the tumultuous assembly of the *tiers-état*. Mirabeau was deeply moved at this first success. Duroverai was immediately surrounded by deputies, who, by their kind attentions, endeavoured to atone for the insult they had offered. Thus, an accusation, which had at first filled me with dread, terminated so much the more to my satisfaction, that the knowledge of this scene at Geneva could not fail to promote the recall of her exiled citizens." p. 54—9.

This anecdote is succeeded by one which we insert here, as it brings before us a man, of whose character no writer appears, to us, to have yet formed a correct estimate:—

"I have not many recollections of these early proceedings of the assembly; but I cannot forget the occasion on which a man, who afterwards acquired a fatal celebrity, first brought himself into notice. The clergy were endeavouring, by a subterfuge, to obtain a meeting of the orders; and for this purpose deputed to the commons the Archbishop of Aix, who expatiated very pathetically upon the distresses of the people and the poverty of the country parishes. He produced a piece of black bread, which a dog would have rejected, and which the poor were obliged to eat, or starve. He besought the commons to depute some members to confer with those deputed by the clergy and the *noblesse*, upon the means of bettering the condition of the indigent classes. The commons saw the snare, but dared not openly reject the proposal, as it would render them unpopular with the lower classes, when a deputy rose, and, after professing sentiments in favour of the poor, still stronger than those of the prelate, he adroitly threw doubts upon the sincerity of the intentions avowed by the clergy.

"Go," said he to the Archbishop, "and tell your colleagues, that if they are so impatient to assist the suffering poor, they had better come to this place and join the friends of the people. Tell them no longer to embarrass our proceedings by affected delays—tell them no longer to endeavour, by unworthy means, to make us swerve from the resolutions we have taken;—but, as ministers of religion—as worthy imitators of their master—let them forego that luxury which surrounds them, and that splendour which puts indigence to the blush. Let them resume the modesty of their origin—discharge the proud lackeys by whom they are escorted—sell their superb equipages, and convert all their superfluous wealth into food for the indigent."

"This speech, which coincided so well with the passions of the time, did not elicit loud applause, which would have been a bravado, but was succeeded by a confused murmur much more flattering. Everybody inquired the name of the orator: he was unknown; and it was not until some time had elapsed that a name was circulated, which three years later made France tremble. The speaker was Robespierre." 59—61.

The following is an excellent parallel between the French and English character; but it was more applicable, perhaps, at the close of the last century than at the present day:—

"Few of the speeches made in the assembly were written by the parties who pronounced them. A Frenchman made no scruple of using the composition of another, and acquiring honour by a species of public imposture. No Englishman of character would consent to play such a part. A Frenchman would put himself forward and make any motion suggested to him, without once troubling himself about the consequences; whilst an Englishman would be afraid of exposing himself, if he had not sufficiently studied his subject, to be able to answer every reasonable objection and support the opinion he had advanced. A Frenchman affirms very lightly; an assertion costs him but little;—an Englishman is in no haste to believe, and before he publicly advances a fact, he traces it to its source, weighs his authorities, and makes himself master of particulars. A Frenchman believes that with a little wit he can stem a torrent of difficulties. He is ready to undertake things the most foreign to his studies and habits, and it was thus that Mirabeau made himself reporter to the Committee of Mines, without having the slightest knowledge concerning mines. An Englishman would expose himself to eternal ridicule, if he dared invade a department of which he knew nothing; and he is more disposed to refuse undertaking that which he is able to perform, than to be ambitious of doing what is beyond his power. The Frenchman believes that wit supplies the place of everything; the Englishman is persuaded that nothing can be properly done without both knowledge and practice. A French gentleman, being asked if he could play upon the harpsichord, replied, 'I do not know, for I never tried, but I will go and see.' Now this is badinage, but make it serious: for harpsichord, substitute government, and for music, legislation; and instead of one French gentleman you would find twelve hundred." p. 162—164.

Of Mirabeau's celebrated speech on national bankruptcy, M. Dumont observes—

"Mirabeau was not well acquainted with the subject, although he had published several papers on it, such as '*The Bank of St. Charles*,' '*The Denunciation of Stock-jobbing*,' &c. But he had two able coadjutors in Panchaud and Clavière, the former of whom said, that Mirabeau was the first man in the world to speak on a question he knew nothing about. A ready conception and the happiest expressions enabled him easily to lead superficial minds astray. M. Necker, unable to keep in motion an immense machine, whose moving power was nearly annihilated, proposed to the assembly a loan, to which he had endeavoured to give a very seductive form. He wanted, for this purpose, to make use of the credit of the *Caisse d'escompte*. Clavière who, I believe, had some personal dislike towards the company of the *Caisse d'escompte*, engaged Mirabeau to oppose the measure. The assembly attempted to organize the loan, and proceeded with as little intelligence as on many other occasions. The consequence was, that the measure was unsuccessful, and the national credit, about which so much had been said, became entirely null. M. Necker was soon after

forced to present another project, a species of patriotic loan, something like an income-tax. This time Mirabeau determined to support the minister, to whom, however, he was personally opposed. There had been no intercourse between them; for the intimacy which Duroverai and Mallouet had attempted to bring about, had failed. Some persons suspected that Mirabeau's support was given in order to fix the responsibility of the certain failure of the measure upon Necker. Several stupid members, who thought that the assembly would be wanting in dignity, if it adopted ministerial measures without altering something within, proposed several modifications. Mirabeau was of opinion that the plan might be adopted without alteration. His principal argument was the ill success of the last loan, which the friends of the minister attributed to the assembly, who, by ill-judged modifications, had altered its nature. Thence proceeding to remark upon the dangerous state of credit, and the failure of the public revenue, he represented a national bankruptcy as the probable consequence of the rejection of this project. The force with which he presented so commonplace a subject, was miraculous; he elevated it to sublimity. They who heard this speech will never forget it; it excited every gradation of terror, and a devouring gulph with the groans of the victims it swallowed, of which the speaker gave a very appalling description, seemed pictured to the senses of the audience.

"The triumph was complete; not an attempt was made to reply. The assembly were subjugated by that power of a superior and energetic mind, which acts upon the multitude as if it were only a single individual, and the project was admitted without a dissenting voice. From that day, Mirabeau was considered as a being superior to other men. He had no rival. There were, indeed, other orators, but he alone was eloquent; and this impression was stronger, because his speech on this question was a sudden reply, and could not have been prepared.

"Molé, the celebrated actor, was present. The force and dramatic effect of Mirabeau's eloquence, and the sublimity of his voice, had made a deep impression upon this distinguished comedian, who, with visible emotion, approached the orator to offer his compliments. 'Ah! Monsieur le Comte,' said he, in a pathetic tone of voice, 'what a speech! and with what an accent did you deliver it! You have surely missed your vocation!' Molé smiled on perceiving the singularity of the compliment which his dramatic enthusiasm had led him to utter, but Mirabeau was much flattered by it." p. 187—192.

The plan of a counter-revolution by Mirabeau, is a fact so new to history, that we think it well to insert it here.

"Mirabeau called on me one morning, and said he had a most important communication to make. He began by representing in the blackest colours the complete disorganization of the kingdom, expatiated on the impossibility of doing any good with the national assembly as then constituted, and at length drew from his portfolio a paper in his own hand-writing, of seven or eight pages. 'Here,' said he, 'is a plan by which France may yet be saved and her liberty secured; for you know me too well, my friend, to suppose that I would co-operate in any plan of which liberty was not the basis. Read it through without interruption. I will then talk to you about the means of execution, and you will see that they are commensurate with the greatness of the project. I cannot, however, tell you all, or name the parties concerned. It is a secret of honour—a solemn engagement.'

"I here have occasion to regret the imperfection of my memory, and the lapse of time which has effaced from my recollection most of the details of this project. It was founded upon

the intended departure of the king, who could no longer support his captivity at Paris. He was to proceed to Metz, or some other fortified city containing troops and officers of known fidelity. On his arrival, he was to appeal, by proclamation, to all France. He was to remind the country of his benefactions and denounce the crimes of the metropolis. He was to declare the decrees of the national assembly null and void, as contrary to law, and founded upon a manifest usurpation of power. He was to dissolve the assembly itself, and order an immediate convocation of the *bailliages* to elect other deputies. He was, at the same time, to order all the commandants to resume their authority, and the parliaments their functions, and to act jointly against the rebels. He was to summon all the noblesse, to rally round him for the defence of the monarch and the throne. Mirabeau was to remain at Paris and watch the motions of the assembly. So soon as the royal proclamation should appear, all the *côté droit* and the moderates of the *côté gauche* were to vote, if my memory serves me correctly, that they should immediately follow the King and separate from those who were of a contrary opinion. If Paris persevered in its disobedience, all communication with it was to be stopped, and it was to be reduced by famine. It was certain that, in support of this plan, the clergy, who had been despoiled of their riches by the national assembly, would employ all their religious influence upon the people; and the Bishops were to meet and protest, in the name of religion, against the sacrilegious usurpations of the assembly. There were four or five pages in this strain. The project appeared arranged with much art, and all its parts seemed destined to work well in conjunction.

"I cannot describe my emotion, or rather my alarm, on reading this paper. After a silence of a few minutes, I told Mirabeau that I saw, in this confidence, the strongest proof of his friendship for me; that I had no observations to make; that such projects were above my skill; that I was not competent to decide upon the fate of the monarchy, nor to give an opinion upon the differences between the King and the assembly; but that my resolution was taken, and I should quit Paris in two days." p. 206—210.

It suffices to add, that, after a conversation of two or three hours, during which they had some reason to fear having been overheard, Dumont convinced Mirabeau that he was but a tool of the court in this affair, and prevailed upon him to abandon the project.

The following are a few scattered but pithy sentences:—

"When Louis XVI. held the famous *séance royale* to annul the decree of the commons, who had voted themselves a national assembly, Mirabeau, in pointing out the dangers of such a measure, said—'It is thus that Kings are led to the scaffold!' Of Necker, he said, 'He is a clock that always goes too slow. Mallebranche saw everything in God, but Necker sees everything in Necker.' Of the national assembly, 'It has Hannibals enough, it only wants a Fabius.' Speaking of the illusions which, having once governed men, were for ever destroyed, he said, 'We have long been looking with a magic-lantern, but the glass is now broken.' 'When a pond is full,' he observed, in reference to the new political event, 'a single mole, by piercing the bank, may cause an inundation.'"

A *bon mot* of Talleyrand is characteristic.

"The dearth which kept the people in a state of effervescence, and the scene at the chateau appeared, at the time, sufficiently to account for the insurrection at Versailles.

"It was not till afterwards that a plot was imagined and attributed to the Duke of Orleans. This suspicion acquired consistency, when it

was known that Lafayette had insisted upon the Duke leaving Paris and going to England. The secret of this intrigue has never transpired, but I recollect that, two years after, in a confidential conversation with the Bishop of Autun, that prelate (M. de Talleyrand) uttered these remarkable words: 'The Duke of Orleans is the stop-pail into which is thrown all the filth of the revolution!' p. 178—179.

The following may be read with profit, and may a little enliven the melancholy drudgery of the Irish Tithe Committee.

"'Tithes,' said the Archbishop of Aix, in a whining tone, 'that voluntary offering made by the devout faithful!—' 'Tithes,' interrupted the Duke de La Rochefoucauld, in his quiet and modest way, which rendered the *trait* more piquant, 'that voluntary offering of the devout faithful, concerning which there are now forty thousand lawsuits in the kingdom.' p. 21.

Poetical Ephemeris. By James Pennycook Brown. Aberdeen, Brown & Co.; London, Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS little volume (which, in its printing and getting up, does great credit to the Aberdeen press,) shows rather strikingly how much poetry is now written, because much poetry has been read. Here are amiable feelings and imaginative phraseology employed on picturesque subjects; and yet there is scarcely a line that seems the spontaneous growth of the author's own mind. It is a volume of poetical words, and made us cry out with Jean Jacques, "*Les choses! les choses! Je ne répéterai jamais assez que nous donnons trop de pouvoir aux mots: avec notre éducation babillarde nous ne faisons que des babillards.*" However, Mr. Brown has done no worse than many who make greater pretensions; and if his 'Ephemeris' have no value as poetry—assuming that much-abused word to mean the melodious expression of original thought, deep feeling, and accurate observation of mind, man and nature,—it is but fair to acknowledge that his volume contains some pleasing verses. If Mr. Brown determine to write again, we would seriously advise him, when he does so, to lock up every modern poet in his possession, and turn an especially deaf ear to the syrens among them. At present, without any intention on his own part, he writes

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

He will also do well to avoid taking so many steps in that hop, skip, and jump measure—

Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold, &c.
p. 88.

the said measure generally proving fatal to young versifiers, and often overpowering the strength of old ones. He will also do well to make sparing use of another metre, which is a great seducer of the inexperienced, because, if the most difficult to write well, it is the easiest to write after a fashion, and has a light-horse-gallop grandeur, often mistaken for real power:—

The poison cup is in his hand, and in his heart despair,
For wildly back upon the earth he flings his weight of
care, &c.—p. 94.

It is, after all, both a mortifying and mollifying reflection, that the carelessnesses of old writers occasion the faults of young ones. On this score Mr. Brown has a claim to mercy; and we give a pretty extract:—

Stanzas.

Oh! methinks it were sweet to die
While love's lucid tide in my breast is high
Ere the quick bright feelings of youth are worn,
Or the heart of its golden sunbeams shorn;
Ere the world is stript of the mask of truth
It wears in the days of effulgent youth;
Ere its glowing hopes, and its fairy hours,
Have died in their beauty—like broken flowers!

And, oh! methinks it were sweet to be laid
'Neath the leafy bower, by yon elm trees made,
And grass, that's with daisies bespangled bright,
Like the silver stars on the robe of night!
'Tis my own churchyard—my fathers sleep there;
And it may be soon in their rest I'll share!—
Oh! bright be my life, and as quickly pass
As the glistening dew from the emerald grass!

Illustrations of the Vandois, in a Series of Views.
Engraved by Edward Finden, from drawings
by Hugh Dyke Acland, Esq., accompanied
with Descriptions. London, 1832. Tilt.

Charles Tilt has some skill in producing a pretty book; this is a very handsome one; it contains some dozen or so of engravings, of the romantic scenes of a most romantic country; and the letter-press connects scene with scene, and ties the whole up like a chaplet of flowers. We wonder how travellers find out new scenes for the pencil, in a land through which our painters of the picturesque have frequently wandered; but we wonder more, how these same Findens find time to work at so many undertakings. Why don't they contract for all the graver work of the metropolis, build a factory on the plan of Owen, and reduce all other engravers to the condition of journeymen?

Facilis, Celera, Certa. London, 1832. Sherwood & Co.

THIS is declared to be an attempt to render short-hand writing more easy, and of more ready application, by the use of simple characters, for all simple sounds, and by determinate modes of abbreviations, according to the principles of the English language. We certainly believe the writer of this work to be master of the subject, for he has compressed the whole essay—theory, alphabet, abbreviations, examples, and exercises, into seven pages! Those, therefore, who desire to be informed on the subject, will not lose much time by studying his work; and though we are not ourselves friendly to the use of short-hand, except professionally, we know that many persons are desirous of studying it—having had no less than three letters within this month, requesting information on the subject.

Important Facts, proving the great Utility and very great Superiority of Captain Jekyll's Patent Portable Vapour Bath. By J. Jekyll. London, Saunders.

THIS pamphlet contains facts and observations relating to the use of vapour baths in general; but, of course, has particular reference to Capt. Jekyll's patent portable bath. We have examined not only the pamphlet but the bath itself, and the latter appears to us a very useful invention; but twelve guineas is a price out of all reason; and, till they are manufactured at a much cheaper rate, the patent will neither benefit the patentee nor the public.

Essay on the Right of Hindoos over Ancestral Property. By Rajah Rammohun Roy. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

A legal question very ably argued, but of no general interest to the English reader. One of the prohibitions of the Hindoo law on the subject of marriage, incidentally mentioned, is strange enough to be worth quoting:—

"Let him not marry a girl with reddish hair, nor with any deformed limb, nor one troubled with habitual sickness, nor one either with no hair or with too much, nor one immoderately talkative, nor one with inflamed eyes." p. 33.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IN the days of our youth when we first lifted a fowling-piece, and began our career as a sportsman, to us the game-laws were as a book sealed; gamekeepers were heard of only besouth the Trent, and over the scene of our exploits, lords of the manor and squires of low degree existed, but at the rate of one to the ten miles square. We had not the fear of any one before our eyes, and blazed away right and left and straightforward, always bringing down some winged inhabitant of the air, and sparing neither the little nor the large, the savoury nor the unwholesome. In this unsparing mood we heaped our hall table with all and sundry—the black, the white, the mottled, and the brown. There were ptarmigans and teal, blackcocks and hooded crows, moor-hens and kites—in short, everything from the raven down to the wren. Our hall table was but the type or symbol of our library table on this eventful evening: here are books of all shapes and sizes, in all styles and in all moods; the lofty and the low; the inspired and the dull; the practised veteran and the raw recruit, whom those seductive gipsies, the Muses, have wiled away from some worthy trade to pursue their will-o'-wisp vocation. We shall treat them as we did the aforesaid victims of the fowling-piece, some of which were plucked and roasted, and eaten with a savoury sauce, and baptized in their passage by the choicest wine; while others again were sent with compliments to some distant friend, or consigned at once to oblivion, from being rank and unpalatable. So now to our task.

1. The first work which comes to hand is the second volume of Pickering's *Milton*, pertaining to the 'Aldine Poets'; a beautiful book, containing a large portion of that divinest of all poems, the *Paradise Lost*. It is needless to say more of such a work than that it maintains its high character for accuracy and elegance, and that some of the notes are new and valuable.

2. The second is a little wren of a book, called '*Cobbin's Moral Fables*,' a thing fit for a child in size, but in value suitable for age. It contains many valuable fables and parables, such as influence life and lead it to virtue: nor is the preface unworthy of perusal; the ridiculous assertion of Rousseau, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception, is very pithily dissected and confronted with the Scripture and Addison and Cowper.

3. What volumes are these? Things of shreds and patches! verse and prose of all kinds, and on all subjects. It is the '*Album*,' with one hundred engravings, in two volumes, printed for Strange, in Paternoster-row. There are tales, verses, sketches, memoirs, and anecdotes, worthy of better company than they have found. Here the battered contributor puts forth his dull strength, and the youth just begun his infatuated dalliance with the muse finds a place open for his first lisping: of course, there is much that deserves the speedy oblivion which swallows up more worthy things; but there are here and there bits and scraps meriting a better fate. We cannot stay to particularize them.

4. Mary Kerr Hart Key's '*Enigmettes, or Flora's Offering to the Young*,' published by Robbins, in Ivy-lane, is a pretty little book, yet, verily, it puzzles us sorely. There is much that is amiable, and sensible, and elegant; little that is vigorous or original. Some useful lessons are reduced to the limits of rhyme; and, on the whole, we have seen as indifferent verses obtain high praise; but we are in a fastidious mood just now, and coy and hard to please.

5. '*Herbert's Country Parson, Church Porch, &c.*' is a very little volume, which contains

thirty-seven different images of the duties which a good pastor performs who has the welfare of his flock at heart. We dislike nothing about the book but the name. Parson is rather a word of reproach than of holiness and endearment. We wish it to be widely circulated among the people and acted upon by the clergymen, so that scoffing might be abated, and the church filled with a devout populace listening to a preacher zealous in his duties. It is printed for Henry Washbourne, in Salisbury-square.

6. '*The Phenomena of Nature Familiarly Explained*,' is a book, valuable in education, containing much in small compass, and well arranged for instruction. It is translated from the German of 'Wilhelm von Turk;' and is published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

7. '*The Poems*' of Henry Inceledon Johns, are addressed by a Father to his Children; they are moral and kind, and affectionate, and in some places tender. They contain several pleasing pictures of nature, and much that we can commend rather for purity than vigour—for softness than for strength. The book is printed at Devonport, and is very neatly executed.

8. '*The Arcana of Science and Art*,' from the prolific house of Limbird, contains a vast deal of information of an useful kind. There is much, indeed, that might have been expressed in language more elegant and compact; but we shall not be fastidious with those who tell us what is worthy of being known.

9. '*The Daughter of Jephtha*,' by a Gentleman of Stoke, is printed at Devonport. The verse is well constructed: many of the sentiments are just, and some are new; and for the character of Azor, the author claims, and justly, the merit of truth and instructiveness. We could find some very pretty passages in this poem, had we room to insert them.

10. '*Catherine of Cleves*,' published by Mr. Andrews, is a translation from the hand of Lord Francis Leveson Gower; and we learn, from those who have compared it with the original, that it owes some of its present attractions to his taste and fancy. There are very natural and powerful scenes, certainly, in the drama; and it could not well be otherwise; for if the foreign work did not contain them, the noble translator has genius enough to create them in the necessary spirit.

11. Of the '*Sermons*' by the Rev. Cornelius Ives, we can give but a brief account. They are twenty-five in number, and pious and earnest, rather than eloquent; while they can startle few by the boldness of their speculations, they will gain the attention of many by their learning and their moderation.

12. '*The Tour in Westmorland, and Remarks on Grouse Shooting*,' by Gideon Michael Angelo Maude, is a singular book, full of pleasing egotism, embarrassments about nothing, adventures in bad inns, and mishaps on dreary moors—embellished with wild and prodigal-looking prints, which suit well with the barum-scarum nature of the writing. Whenever the author is at a loss for a subject, he speaks about himself; when he wishes for an adventure, he hastens to an inn; and when he lacks words for his descriptions, he has recourse to the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. He gives a good reason for the size of his book: "My stay in Westmorland," says Gideon, "was certainly short, and the reading of my book is short; if my stay had been longer, my book would have been longer." Of the contents of the volume we can give no better account in words than we have done, and we have no room for extracts.

13. We have also to notice the '*Introductory Lectures read at King's College*,' by Professor Bernays. The Professor gives a rapid sketch of the history of German literature, and of the

advantages to be derived from a study of the language; and the first part is more than usually interesting.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ. M.P.

Oh, Mr. Spencer!—
I mean no offence, Sir—
Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's;
Maker of days of ember,
Eloquent Member
Of the House of Com—I mean to say, Short
Commons—
Thou long Tom Coffin singing out, 'Hold Fast!—
Avast!

Oh, Mr. Perceval! I'll bet a dollar, a
Great growth of Cholera,
And new deaths reckon'd,
Will mark thy Lenten Twenty-first and second.
The best of our physicians, when they con it,
Depose the malady is in the air:
Oh, Mr. Spencer!—if the ill is there—
Why should you bid the people live upon it?

Why should you make discourses against
courses;
While doctors, tho' they bid us rub and chafe,
Declare, of all resources,
The man is safest who gets in the safe?—
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
Discard their dinners,
Thoughtless how Heav'n above will look upon't,
For man to die so wantonly of want!

By way of a variety,
Think of the ineffectual piety
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
Lecturing such chameleon insides,
Only to find
He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do, or don't,
I cannot—dare not—must not fast, and won't,
Unless by night your day you let me keep,
And fast asleep;
My constitution can't obey such censors:
I must have meat
Three times a day to eat;
My health's of such a sort,—
To say the truth, in short,
The coats of my stomach are not *Spencers*!

T. HOOD.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

George Crabbe was a preacher and a poet, but though, no doubt, a good and laborious divine, he owes his fame in this world to his intercourse with the Muse. Of the style of his *Sermons* we know little, nor know we anything of the people to whom they were addressed; but if they partook of the stern and unsocial spirit of his verse, then wo! say we, to those over whose unfortunate heads they were poured; and if his flock at all resembled the men and women of his poetry, then God be merciful to the preacher, for his people were past redemption. For the space of fifty years and odd, it was his pleasure to delineate the features of the people around him, and to report in verse the state of rustic society in manners and in morals. The spies of old, who cried out, that the water was naught and the ground barren, seem to have been of the tribe of Crabbe: yet they differed from the divine in this respect, that they believed not what they said, whereas, there can be no doubt of the perfect sincerity of the bard. He saw nothing in humble life but want and crime; the homes of his people he considered as upper stories to the pest-house and the work-

house, and the inhabitants themselves as the predestined heirs of sin and sorrow, whose chief employment was to cheat, and swear, and lie, and exhibit "Their Maker's image more than half defaced." This picture of mental and personal degradation he has repeated through almost all his works: we find it in the city, in the field, in the workhouse, and the cottage: he is, in verse, one of Job's comforters to the people, he consoles them with the healing doctrine that hell was not made for dogs: for the rich we know not that he opened, in imagination, the doors of Paradise; but the poor and the needy he has represented worthy of nothing but "penal fire," and fit only for taking refuge within the jaws of that inexorable pit, which, like the public workhouse, stands open for the husbandman and the mechanic.

Now, this "Come curse me, Jacob, and come defy me, Israel" sort of style, is anything but to our liking: and, were it ever so much so, we cannot conceal from ourselves that it is a view of humble society at once unjust and unpoetic. The rustic population of the land are neither so wretched nor so depraved as the reverend bard describes them; there is no want of worth and talent among the poor; and, though we acknowledge that sin abounds, and that the manners of many are shameless, we hold it to be bad taste in the Muse to close the right eye on all the virtues, and open the left on all the wretchedness of the peasantry, and, pitching her voice to a tone sarcastic and dolorous, sing of the cureless sores and feculence of the land. There is, no doubt, something wrong in the internal construction of that poet who considers that every man with a ragged coat and every woman with uncombed locks is fallen and reprobate, and who dipping his brush in the lake of darkness paints in merry old England as a vagrant and a strumpet. If we, however, dislike the foundation on which this distinguished poet raised the superstructure of his verse, and condemn the principles on which he wrote as unnatural, we cannot for the soul of us be insensible to the matchless skill and rough ready vigour of his dark delineations. In inanimate nature he sternly refuses to avail himself of the advantages which his subject presents, of waving woods, pebbly shores, purling streams, and flowery fields: he takes a cast of nature homely, forbidding and barren, and compels us to like it by the force of his colour and by the stern fidelity of his outline: while in living nature he seems resolutely to have proscribed all things mentally or externally lovely, that he might indulge in the dry hard detail of whatsoever we dislike to contemplate, and triumph over our prejudices and feelings by the resistless vigour of his language and sentiments, and the terrific fidelity of his representations. On him who refuses to give to the world his full sympathy, the world usually retaliates sevenfold: Crabbe is by no means so popular as his genius deserves: of late there has been a woful coldness on the part of the admirers of him, who has not been inaptly termed "The Hogarth of Poets;" and his works, in spite of the intense laudations of all manner of reviews, remain undisturbed on the bookseller's shelf. The critic who first perceived the true character of Crabbe's poetry and pronounced it untrue to nature, was that Anarch old, Gifford, of the *Quarterly*. "In common life, (he observes,) every man instinctively

acquires the habit of diverting his attention from unpleasing objects, and fixing it on those that are more agreeable: and all that we ask is, that this practical rule should be adopted in poetry. The face of nature under its daily and periodical varieties, the honest gaiety of rustic mirth, the flow of health and spirits, which is inspired by the country, the delights which it brings to every sense—such are the pleasing topics which strike the most superficial observer. But a closer inspection will give us more sacred gratifications. Wherever the relations of civilized society exist, particularly where a high standard of morals, however imperfectly acted upon, is yet publicly recognized, a ground-work is laid for the exercise of all the charities, social and domestic. In the midst of profligacy and corruption, some trace of these charities still lingers: there is some spot which shelters domestic happiness—some undiscovered cleft in which the seeds of the best affections have been cherished and are bearing fruit in silence. Poverty, however blighting in general, has graces which are peculiarly its own—the highest order of virtues can be developed only in a state of habitual suffering." With these sentiments we cordially concur; and from them we turn to the genius which the poet displayed in spite of the most forbidding and unpoetic subjects: we must previously, however, give a glance at the history of his productions.

When 'The Borough,' a poem, was published, in 1810, the public had forgotten that, in 1783, the author had made his first appearance as a poet, and that, too, with the applause of such men as Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson. He was not insensible (who could be?) of the influence of such men, and claiming their approval for what he had in youth done, he sheltered his new poem under the name of Fox, who, it seems, perused it and praised it in manuscript, before his lamented death. All this, no doubt, paved the way to more universal admiration; the death-bed approbation of Fox secured a favourable notice in the *Edinburgh*, and the sarcastic spirit of the poem, so much akin to that of Gifford, favoured its reception in the *Quarterly*, while the singular merit of the work gave it a currency everywhere. All this, and much more, the reverend poet has himself related in the preface to his collected works, to which we refer the reader for an ample explanation. In the 'Parish Register,' published before the 'Borough,' the author had a limited range of subject, and it was imagined that his muse, deprived of room for flight, had been obliged to droop her wings and keep nigh the ground. The 'Borough' presented space enough: but it was soon seen that her plumes were not of the soaring kind. It has been the pleasure of many poets to paint a sea life in rather romantic colours: there is much truth, much homeliness, and no romance, in Crabbe's delineation of his Mariner's Club, at the sign of the Anchor.

The Anchor, too, affords the seamen joys,
In small smoked room, all clamour, crowd, and noise;
Where a carved settle half surrounds the fire,
Where fifty voices purl and punch require;
They come for pleasure in their leisure hour,
And they enjoy it in their utmost power;
Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while all
Call, or make ready for a second call.
There is no time for trifling "Do you see,
We drink and drub the French extempore."
See round the room, on every beam and balk,
Are mingled scrolls of hieroglyphic chalk;

Yet, nothing heeded, would one stroke suffice
To blot out all—here honour is too nice—
"Let knavish landmen think such dirty things,
We're British tars—and British tars are kings."

Of another stamp is the following—it is the picture of a loose liver fallen into misfortune and the vale of years.

And now we saw him on the beach reclined,
Or causeless walking in the wintry wind;
And when it raised a loud and angry sea,
He stood and gazed, in wretched reverie;
He heeded not the frost, the rain, the snow,
Close by the sea he walked alone, and slow;
Sometimes his frame through many an hour he spread
Upon a tombstone, moveless as the dead;
And was there found a sad and silent place,
There would he creep, with slow and measured pace;
Then would he wander by the river side,
And fix his eyes upon the falling tide;
The deep dry ditch—the rushes in the fen—
And mossy crag-pits, were his lodgings then;
There, to his discontented thoughts a prey,
The melancholy mortal pined away.

The sorrowful softness of the following passage will go to many hearts:—

Yes, there are real mourners—I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering and serene—
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful, as resigned, she aimed;
Nearly she drest, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow a aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth:
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene,
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place,
With double interest, she would nightly trace.

That he who made these three delineations was a man of deep observation, and a poet of a high order, no one can fail to perceive; in every page which he has written may be found passages lighter or darker, but all breathing the same sort of spirit, and all wearing, too truly, the sombre livery of a dolorous muse. It must not be inferred from what we have said, that Crabbe never deviates into the paths of peace, and happiness, and virtue: he indulges us with many beautiful snatches of that nature; yet they are generally as brief as they are brilliant, and may be compared to a few stars in a tempestuous night, which only aggravate the general gloom. Of his 'Tales of the Hall' we shall say nothing; nor of the manuscript poem which lies in the hands of Mr. Murray;—that his works will be offered to us in a cheap form, and in a monthly issue, we have little doubt, yet we are not among the advisers of such a step. The poems of Crabbe appeal not largely enough to the sympathy of mankind to be popular. It is little imagination and much truth—it is the happy union of both which promises success first, and fame after.

The stern poet we have attempted to delineate—the man was of a milder mood: in truth, Crabbe was one of the meekest and gentlest of mankind. He had a soft, low voice, and an insinuating ease of address, which won upon the most unsocial—if a friend desired him to shake a stranger by the hand, he did it, and not without a well-turned compliment. He was a scholar, and a ripe one; a preacher too, we have heard said, of much attraction, and a poet of no common kind; he nevertheless failed to find preferment in the church—he contrived, however, to support himself by his pen and a small living which he enjoyed at Trowbridge, through the patronage of the Duke of Rutland. He was of Aldborough, in Suffolk, where he was born in the spring of 1754; he owed his education

to Cambridge, and his success to himself. His health was generally good: he sometimes visited London, but preferred his own home, where he expired, after a short illness, on the 8th of February, in the 78th year of his age. Of his kindness of nature, and of his continued possession of his powers, we are enabled, by the kindness of a friend, to give ample proof. He had been applied to in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt, for whose fate many men of genius have expressed a deep sympathy; and the answer which he returned may be considered as one of the last letters that the hand which traced the 'Parish Register' and the 'Borough,' wrote:

Trowbridge, 24 Jan. 1832.

"SIR,—It would ill become one who has been so much indebted to the kindness of his friends as I have been, to disregard the application which you are so good as to make in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt. My influence indeed is small, residing, as I do, in a place wherein little except cloth is made, and little except newspapers read; yet there are a more liberal class of readers, though I am afraid they are not among the wealthy portion of our inhabitants. I consider that I am doing myself honour by uniting, for the purpose you mention, with those persons whose titles and names are annexed to the printed paper intended for general circulation.

"I am, Sir, respectfully, &c.

"GEORGE CRABBE."

"To John Foster, Esq.

"Burton-street, Burton-crescent, London."

The clothiers of Trowbridge expressed a sense of their loss by shutting up their shops when the poet died—it will likely be long before they are honoured with the company of such a poet again.

ANSWER TO PAUPER.

[Vide No. 222, of the *Athenæum*.]

Don't tell me of buds and blossoms,
Or with rose and violet wheedle—
Nosegays grow for other bosoms,
Churchwarden and Beadle.
What have you to do with streams?
What with sunny skies, or garish
Cuckoo-song, or pensive dreams?—
Nature's not your Parish!

What right have such as you to dun
For sun or moon-beams, warm or bright?
Before you talk about the sun,
Pay for window-light!
Talk of passions—amorous fancies?
While your betters' flames miscarry—
If you love your Dolls and Nancys,
Don't we make you marry?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,
Fragrant winds, that blanch your bones!
You poor can always keep you warm,—
An't there breaking stones?
Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,
Roses fair and violets meek—
You cannot look for everything
On eighteen-pence a week!

With seasons what have you to do?—
If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harm'd?
What's the weather to the cropland? You
Don't farm—but you are farm'd!
Why everlasting murmurs hurl'd,
With hardship for the text?—
If such as you don't like this world—
We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF MR. LEIGH HUNT.

THERE are circumstances which of themselves apologize for little deviations from established forms; and we are sure we shall stand excused for going out of our ordinary course to announce this work. Mr. Leigh Hunt, a labourer in the fields of literature, who has toiled on cheerfully and with good heart and hope under all the changing influences of a quarter of a century, is now, in "the sere and yellow" time of life, struggling against great difficulties, with failing health, and a numerous family dependent on his exertions. This fact having become known, some friends have kindly taken upon themselves to propose the publication of his Poetical Works by subscription, and thus endeavour to anticipate many more anxious months and many another illness—in a word, to put him in advance of his difficulties.

It is the anxious wish of those who differ or agree with Mr. Hunt in opinion, that minor circumstances should on this occasion be forgotten, and that all should unite as in a common cause to testify respect for genius; and whatever may be the issue of this appeal, it must ever be to Mr. Hunt a pleasant and consolatory recollection, that the honoured of all parties have given to it the sanction of their name, as will be seen by the following note which accompanies the prospectus:—

Several of the friends of literature, having been made acquainted with the pressing difficulties under which a man of genius is unhappily sinking, are anxious to unite in one common purpose of justice and benevolence towards him, that they may testify their respect for intellectual exertion, and rescue the cause of letters from an unworthy reproach. They approve of the annexed plan, proposed with a view to a general subscription. They invite every friend of genius in the community to join with them in promoting its success; so as to secure, by their united exertions, a solid testimony to Mr. LEIGH HUNT, of their desire to see a man of letters, of his standing and reputation, not only rescued from the immediate danger of necessity, but put in possession of such a security of means, as would no longer leave him to the chance of repeated illnesses, and all the anxieties they produce, in a man of sensibility and a father.

Dover—F. Leveson Gower—Vassall Holland—Mulgrave—John Russell—John Edward Swinburne—Edward Lytton Bulwer—John H. Hawkins—Thomas Babington Macaulay—Richard L. Sheil—Thomas Barnes—John Bowring—Thomas Campbell—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Walter Coulson—Allan Cunningham—Charles Wentworth Dilke—William Godwin—Joseph Hine—James Hogg—Thomas Hood—J. D'Israeli—Joseph Jekyll—William Jerdan—James Sheridan Knowles—Charles Lamb—Walter Savage Landor—Henry Luttrell—Frederick Marryat—Thomas Pringle—Bryan Waller Proctor—Leitch Ritchie—Samuel Rogers—Thomas Roscoe—Horatio Smith—Robert Southey—Sharon Turner—William Wordsworth.

The works are to be selected by Mr. Hunt (with corrections and emendations), accompanied by notes and a preface, and printed in one handsome volume, price one guinea; and, to add to the value, it will contain an original poem, the first, of any length, that he has written for many years.

The names of those, who are disposed to assist the present undertaking, will be received by Mr. Edward Moxon, 64, New Bond Street, Mr. Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street, and Mr. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE many literary papers which monthly, weekly, and almost hourly, start into existence, is one of the signs of the times. We have them of all shapes, from octavo to folio, and of all prices, from 'love,' as the whist-players phrase it, to one shilling. One of the last speculations is the *Literary Gleaner*, which contains selected extracts from the new works published in Burlington Street. This, we understand, is sent free to all the newspapers in the kingdom; and the fact will explain to our country readers the many little stars of intelligence which brighten the dull pages of some of our provincials. Among other novelties on our table is the *Literary Test*, the *New Entertaining Press*, *Punchinello*, the *English Figaro*, *Figaro in London*, *Punch in London*, the *Weekly Visitor*, the *Critical Figaro*, and numberless others, to say nothing of political papers, the more curious of which are, one printed on cotton, and another *on wood*!—the ingenious speculators idly hoping thus to escape the stamp on news-papers. Some are said to be prosperous, and we hope all are that deserve to be; but we have but little confidence in any permanent success, when we see that Leigh Hunt has abandoned *The Tattler*, from which, for all his weary and laborious exertion, he never benefited one solitary fifty pounds:—his leave-taking is truly painful:

"I commenced it in ill health, and quit it in worse. It was the necessity of going to the theatre night after night, and of writing the criticisms before I went to bed, that broke me down; to say nothing of other anxieties which are apt to accompany most men of letters, who live by their pen."

But we must not omit to mention, that a new threepenny, called *The Spectator*, has started at Edinburgh, which contains some fair articles; but then the *Literary Journal* is defunct. We are also shortly to receive, from the same goody city, the first number of *Tait's Magazine*, which has promised much in the way of vigour and originality; and on the same day, Regent Street is to furnish us with novelty, and a first number of the *British*. A third monthly, of which we hear good promise, is a Nautical Magazine, which is to contain a register of maritime discovery in all parts of the world.

Of more enduring works we hear little. The first volume of the collected and embellished edition of the Works of the Ettrick Shepherd, is in progress. The first tale will be preceded by a Life of the Author, from his own pen, brought down to the present day.

The Royal Academy have elected Briggs and Newton, as Academicians, in the room of Jackson and Northcote. We have been asked, and by good judges, what pictures either have painted, which surpass the 'Sale of Circassian Slaves'—the 'Death of Archbishop Sharpe'—or, 'Knox admonishing Queen Mary,' by Allan; but we hear, in the way of explanation, that the latter suffers considerably from a complaint in his eyes; and that the Academy are at this moment in actual want of members who can assist in the business of the Institution; and that this weighed with them in their decision. There are now two vacancies to fill up amongst the associates, and, we believe, about fifty candidates. Stanfield, Fraser, Web-

ster, Hart, Rothwell (who is about to visit Italy), and so many other men of talent, that we had rather reserve ourselves for unquestioned comment, and cavil at the election, fall on whom it may—so becoming in critics,—than have the onerous privilege of a vote on the occasion. Before we take leave of art, we may add, that Pickersgill has a whole-length picture of Lady Cooté, and a portrait (for Mr. Peel's gallery) of Mr. Goulburn, nearly finished, for the ensuing exhibition.

The meeting last Saturday at the Artists' Conversazione was very numerously attended, and, what is of more importance, there was a very splendid assemblage of works of art—in fact, it is allowed by all to have been the richest treat of the kind that has yet been seen at any of these meetings. Mr. Landseer contributed many sketches—most admirable and vigorous specimens of his fertile pencil. The unfinished Portrait of a Lady, said to be a scion of a noble family, will long be remembered; and the studies of Highland Sports were the theme of general admiration. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Landseer for his very kind exertions on this occasion, and we hope his example will not be thrown away upon his professional brethren. Mr. Robson also contributed a portfolio of drawings, all choice specimens, including two which were generally admired—a marine subject by Calcott, drawn with all that truth and fidelity which distinguishes the pictures of this admirable artist; and a drawing—a very rare thing—Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano in the horse-pond, by Mr. Mulready: it was a very spirited representation; and although it did not realize the too fastidious taste of the artist himself, it met with the well-deserved encomiums of the rest of the company;—nor must we omit to mention a drawing, done in his younger days, by that glorious old man Stothard, of the 'Children in the Wood taking leave of their Parents.' We cannot take our leave of this meeting, without congratulating the members of the Society on the successful exertions which they have made to redeem the credit, which they had lost by the previous meetings; and we persuade ourselves, that a hint given in kindness in this paper, was not without its spirit-stirring influence.

The debut of La Contessa Lazise this evening, at the King's Theatre, in the character of *Desdemona*, being "her first appearance on any stage," has been referred to by a contemporary journalist as a subject of interest from its novelty: we trust our nobility will feel it as one deserving commiseration and indulgence—that they will show a generous sympathy with the sad fortunes of this noble lady—and that the musical world will waive for once, and it may be for one night only, the privilege of expressing any feeling of disapprobation, should the performance not equal their hopes and former experience. Curioni, we hear, is engaged to play *Iago* to Winter's *Otello*, with Signor Calveri as *Roderigo*; and a Signora Albertini is the change for Castelli of respected memory. The silly friends of the management are quite in raptures with the condescending debutante, and are awaiting with anxiety her appearance in some character which will admit of the full development of those mental and physical powers which for this night are to be hid under the bushel of her amiabilities: for ourselves,

we await the display with more philosophy. Literary puffing is bad, but theatrical puffing is detestable. It is also reported that Mad. Puzzi is engaged.

An Opera Buffa, by Donizetti, is the next to be produced; 'Vestale,' by Spontini, is to follow; and we hear that, to gratify some meddling patrons, Mr. Mason has promised to bring out 'Giulietta e Romeo,' by Vaccai, who is now in London. With the present company, a good Opera Buffa may succeed; but Pasta and Rubini are too fresh in our memory, to leave us content with second-rate singing, music, or acting, in an Opera Seria. The grand ballet of 'Cendrillon,' is in rehearsal—is this novelty?

Gühr, from Frankfurt, we are told, is likely to be engaged as conductor of the German operas—we hope this may prove true; even in Germany, he is considered a marvellous fellow. He was sent for to Cassel, where he reproduced operas of Spohr, with the greatest success, after they had failed even under the direction of the author himself! He, indeed, might teach us musical organization and discipline.

'Robert le Diable' is now ready at both our Great National Theatres. Rophino Lacy has adapted the words for Covent Garden, and the music has been scored from a piano-forte copy. The silent industry of the Covent Garden people has astonished their rivals at the other house.

Mr. Bishop, it is said, reluctantly undertook his task. We have seen some of the music, which does not satisfy our expectations; bereft of stage and scenic effect, and the novelty in Meyerbeer's scoring, the music alone will not command success.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 16.—His Royal Highness, the President, in the chair.—Sir Charles Bell's paper 'On the Human Voice,' was resumed and concluded.—Alexander Barry, Esq., was admitted a Fellow, and John Disney, Esq., proposed.

[Erratum.—In last week's report, the name of Capt. Smyth, was misprinted English.]

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 13.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—Some extracts were read from a Journal of Lieut.-Col. Monteith, kept on a tour through Azerdijan, and on the shores of the Caspian Sea. He ascended the lofty summit of Sahend, between Tabreez and Maraga, the height of which he found to be 9,000 feet. In the course of his tour, Colonel Monteith received the utmost attention, both on visiting any places he chose, and from the guides with which he was furnished. Several maps illustrative of the country through which he passed, were laid before the Society.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Phrenological Society Eight, P.M.
	{ Medical Society Eight, P.M.
	{ Linnean Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Horticultural Society One, P.M.
	{ Institution of Civil Engineers. Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	Society of Arts ½ p. 7, P.M.
	{ Royal Society ½ p. 8, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution ½ p. 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society... Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The 'Illustrations of the Poems of Burns,' are painted by Kidd, engraved by Shury, published by Hearne, and amount in all to a dozen. Some have appeared heretofore in the Royal Lady's Magazine. They are selected from favourite passages of the great poet, and some of them, such as the 'Poor Man's Wine,' and 'The Farmer's address to his auld Mare,' are worthy of the verse. There are others, however, which we like less. No man mad with tooth-ache ever gapes so tremendously as the sufferer in Kidd's sketch; he knows that to open his mouth lets in cold, and aggravates the pain. The one we like least, is 'The Death of Poor Maillie;' a shepherd's surprise is of a more subdued kind than the painter imagines.

The third part of the 'Anecdotes of Hogarth,' accompanied by twelve engravings from his works, has just been published by Nichols & Son, and we have no doubt will be acceptable to the public. Don Quixote meditating, and Simon Frazer Lord Lovat, are capital things, and Sancho's Feast in his Island is still better. To the anecdotes of Nichols and Stevens, Walpole, Ireland, and Charles Lamb, are added some dozen or so of passages from 'Cunningham's Life of Hogarth.' The text from so many paintings by all sorts of hands, resembles a tartan-plaid—very opposite in the hues of its bars, yet blending well together and forming a pleasing whole.

Number 6. of the 'Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland,' contains 'Loch Ericht,' in Perthshire—a solitary and gloomy scene, such as the eagles and wild deer love; 'Loch Lydon,' in the same picturesque county—a sheet of water lying on the dreary Moor of Rannock, a thousand feet above the level of the sea; and Loch Rannock itself, the inhabitant, as a highlander would say, of a very lonely and beautiful valley, some three miles broad and twenty miles long. These landscapes are accompanied by descriptions in prose, containing many curious and characteristic anecdotes of the place and people.

'Love me, love my Dog,' is a very pretty group of children, designed and drawn on stone by F. Wilkin, whose portraits we have so often commended, both for beauty and accuracy of drawing.

'The New Church of St. Dunstan in the West,' is a Gothic building of considerable beauty, with a very handsome tower, which is neither so long nor so tapering as some we have seen, nor so short and abridged of fair aerial loftiness as others. The print before us has no architect's name, but, we believe, it is the work of Mr. Shaw; it is printed by Engelmann, and sold by Walker.

'Lord Anherst,' engraved after Reynolds, by H. S. Ryall, though scarcely soft enough in some of its lines, is a clever work, and gives much of the fine light and shade of the original. We have seen nothing better in that style of art since the last work by the inimitable Cousins.

'Saul,' from the original of Varley, by Linnell, recalls that very noble painting to our recollection. It is conceived from that affecting passage in Scripture, "The beauty of Israel is slain on the high places." The painter imagined that the body of the king had reached the gate of Jerusalem—mourners followed buried in grief—the very trees on the way side looked sad, and the towers were peopled with sorrowful faces. Not a little of this has found its way to the engraving now before us: it is published for Albert Varley, No. 47, Edgware-road. We cannot take leave of this subject without inquiring, at the request of more than one artist, why it is that this fine original picture is placed, at the British Gallery, in such a situation that it is impossible to make out any of its beautiful

details? The artist has thrown a funeral gloom over the picture, that wonderfully heightens the effect; but which, from the position in which it is placed, makes it serve as a dark mirror to reflect the tawdry works of more favoured artists: and why is it that the name of the painter is altogether omitted in the catalogue? We direct the attention of the noble patrons of this Institution to these facts: they are illustrative of the system of favouritism which marks the whole management; but if they desire a specific proof of that favouritism, we are prepared to show that a courtesy was refused to one person, and granted on the same day to another, although the parties were known to apply for the same purpose, and that the favour would be an unjust advantage to one if refused to the other. When we drew attention to the treatment of Mr. Hall, of Salisbury, more than one nobleman asked for proof; this, in a question of taste, is rather difficult, but *proof of favouritism* we now offer to any noble director who shall think it worth while to desire it.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera of 'L'Esule di Roma' has been thrice repeated to very poor houses. The remarks we made from our first impression are strengthened in their justness on a rehearing. The trio is still a vulgar exhibition of mistaken feeling and acting—and Mad. De Meric still persists in closing a pathetic andante with a misplaced cadenza. Is there no 'gran-maestro' to correct these violations of taste and feeling? On viewing the orchestra from the boxes, we are convinced that the centre six or eight stalls in the front row, might be added to great advantage, it would draw out the tone of the band, which is now more noisy than brilliant. We were also amused on Tuesday with a triple authority of beating time. The prompter with a small crayon, with evidently an entire controul over the choristers—the gran-maestro, Signor Costa, with arm uplifted, urging the singers to sing faster than necessary; and, lastly, the leader, with his long-bow moving in the air like the telegraph at the Admiralty. We notice all this particularly, to bear us out in the truth of the observations of our notice on the opening of the theatre. Here are three persons assuming the same authority:—in the midst of all this distraction, Dragonetti comes in for a fourth, and with one of his powerful *forzandos* cements the whole tottering fabric. Let Monsieur Habineck, or Vallottino, from the Academie de Musique; or Mr. Gühr, from Frankfort, be engaged for one little month to give us an idea of a "conductor's" duties, and the band would be fifty years advanced in discipline.

We are sorry to hear that Mons. Albert sprained his ankle on Tuesday, an accident the more to be regretted, as he is the sole male dancer in the ballet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Exercises in Harmony; designed to facilitate the study of the Theory of Music and the Practice of Thorough Bass. By James Clarke. Nos. 1, 2, 3. Cocks.

The above Exercises in Harmony will be found serviceable with the assistance of a master; and without, none ever published can convey a thorough knowledge of the laws and application of harmony. In treatises on harmony, we meet with endless synonymous expressions, which often puzzle the student to no purpose, in fact it is generally necessary to have a musical dictionary at hand; this objection, we are happy to say, does not apply here—Mr. Clarke has carefully chosen those terms most generally received, and we recommend his work to all amateurs.

Vital Spark: newly arranged by J. Ashton, Liverpool. Balls & Son.

In lieu of a figured bass, originally by Harwood to Pope's beautiful ode, Mr. Ashton has filled up the harmony in two parts, for a piano-forte accompaniment, and rendered it more intelligible to the million. An introductory adagio is also added, consisting of a diversity of harmony in the eighth bar, of which, the resolution of the fifth and sixth, in a chord of the augmented sixth, both rise to the same note, which is offensive to the eye, and naked even to the ear. Musicians should sparingly use figurative accompaniments to sacred music; with a few exceptions, this arrangement is appropriate to the subject.

The Passion Flower: a ballad, by Blewit. Preston.

A simple expressive melody to pleasing words, which Braham has lately sung at the Melodists' Club.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

'The Self-Tormentor, or Whims and Fancies,' a farce in two acts, was played here for the first time on Thursday. Its reception was not so good as "green-room report" had led us to look for, or as our respect for Mr. Kenney, its reputed author, had made us hope that it would be. From certain inequalities in it, we are inclined to infer that it is not all Mr. Kenney's—that he has been playing the part of "Mons. Scribe" to some other person's "Mons. Somebody-else;" and that the good is his, and the inferior his partner's; in short, that the 'Self-Tormentor,' a well-imagined and well-drawn character, belongs to him, and the 'Whims and Fancies' to his *worser* half.—Mr. Crotchet (Mr. Farren), a middle aged gentleman, inclining to the elderly, being so circumstanced as to be free from any real causes of annoyance, sets about generating them for his own consuming. In this he is very successful. His principal feat is disguising himself and personating a money-lender, in which character he visits a young gentleman who was to have married his daughter, but whom he has discarded under pretence of his being a rake, a wine-bibber, and a gambler. The young gentleman is let into the secret of the disguise and its object, and, assisted by his companions and servants, entraps old Crotchet, first into kissing the maid, then into drinking, and finally into gambling. The exposure thus prepared for, is made complete by the concerted arrival of the members of his family; the tables are turned upon him, and he confesses himself caught and cured. Mr. Kenney's drawing of this character is pleasant and clever; and Mr. Farren's acting was all that either author or audience could have wished. But, although the character is by no means a decided copy from any other, there is yet too much likeness about parts of it to several in which Mr. Farren is already familiar to the town, for that gentleman to succeed in establishing his usual broad line of distinction between a new part and all that he has done before.

Mrs. Orger enacted a raw country lass with her usual intelligent stupidity—and Mr. Harley was excessively droll in a man-servant to correspond with her. His exertions were rewarded by repeated shouts of laughter; but why did he begin the part in a country accent, and, after a few sentences, change to that of a cockney? Did his heart or his dialect fail him? There was some disapprobation expressed at different times, during the progress of the second act, and also at the end, but the applause overpowered it. We should say that the piece is hardly strong enough for two acts, but, that keeping

the good, and rejecting that which has proved to be uninteresting, it would do capitally in one. When Mr. Farren, in giving out the piece for repetition, spoke of its having afforded the audience an hour's diversion, one gentleman in the boxes roared out "No! no!" most vociferously. Whatever this gentleman's opinion of the work may have been, we must suggest to him that time, place, and manner were all badly chosen for its publication.

We have been taken to task by a correspondent for not having, as he considers, done justice to Mr. Jerrold, in our notice of his clever production called 'The Rent Day,' now acting with so much applause at Drury Lane Theatre. We have only to say that we desired and sought to do justice to this, as to every other piece which it becomes our duty to give an opinion upon. We gave ample praise to all those parts which we thought deserving of it, stating them, in so many words, to be numerous, and we pointed out, in no ill feeling, those which seemed to us to be defective. It would be childish to retract an opinion which was deliberately given, and which we still hold; but it appears that we were mistaken, when charging the author with certain prosy disquisitions, on subjects which we considered more parliamentary than dramatic, in including the "Game Laws;" and for this, if it is of any sort of moment, we readily apologize. The drama has great merits. This we said before—this we say again—and more than this, we shall be cheerfully ready to say of the author's next production, if, as we hope and expect, it shall bear us out in so doing.

MISCELLANEA

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.—We regret to learn from *Le Globe*, that the praiseworthy object contemplated by the generous contributors to the above work,—that of relieving the publisher M. Ladvocat from the embarrassments his liberality had entailed on him,—has been entirely frustrated; the publication has rather tended to hasten his ruin, in awakening the ill-will of his enemies to accomplish his bankruptcy. It is to be hoped, however, he will be thus sooner relieved from misfortune, and that the publication of *Le Livre*, if suspended, will be renewed as soon as possible. The spirit in which the work was conceived, and the talent displayed in the volumes already published, cannot fail to do honour to the literature of France. We have been the first to give our English readers a taste of its beauties—and shall look anxiously for the appearance of the next volume, to increase their gratification: it is with regret, that we have passed over several excellent contributions, which, from their length, could not be given entire, and of which an abridgment would fail to give a just idea.

The late Mr. Fletcher.—It appears we were in error, in stating that the work on India, on which this unfortunate youth was engaged, was for the Entertaining Knowledge Society.

French Tablets.—These very beautiful ornaments were introduced some few years since; but Messrs. Vizetelly & Branstons have lately submitted to us a tasty variety, intended for mounting drawings, paintings, &c.; and so designed as to harmonize with, and seemingly to form a part of, the drawing itself. As the surface is not raised, they will lie flat in the portfolio or album; and we recommend our lady friends to look at them.

New kind of Cannon.—An inhabitant of Boulogne, near Paris, has, as the Paris papers report, without even the aid of a furnace, or any, but some simple instruments of his own invention, constructed a cannon of the size of a four-pounder. It is of the thickness and length of a twelve-pounder. The shape is elegant, and the work-

manship of a very superior class. The expense also is said to be five times less than that of any artillery now in use. It underwent a trial on the 20th of this month, in the plain of Long-champ; four loadings, with a pound and a half of powder to each, were discharged with entire success; nor did the touch-hole appear to be affected in the slightest degree. It was minutely inspected by the Central Board of Ordnance, on the 1st instant.

Discovery of H. Stephens' Notes on Cicero.—A few weeks ago we noticed the discovery of a valuable Greek commentary by Stephens, in the Vienna Library. Another discovery, equally interesting to the literary world, has been made in a library at Orleans, where a folio edition of Cicero, (that printed by Charles Stephens in 1555, with a broad margin, full of notes, signed by Henry Stephens, has been brought to light. On one of its leaves appears the name of "John," which is conjectured to be the handwriting of John Scapula, the faithless clerk in H. Stephens' service, who plundered his employer of the 'Treasury of the Greek Tongue.' This curious book was obviously destined for a reprint of a complete edition of Cicero's works; the same of which Stephens makes mention in the preface to his 'Castigations in quamplurimos locos Ciceronis,'—a work which, however, was never brought before the public. Sixty pounds have been already offered for the Cicero in question; but the owner demands ninety-six (2400 francs), and intends to present a tithe of that sum to the hospital at Lyons, where Henry Stephens closed his eyes.

The Chinese Insolvent Debtors Law.—The Chinese observe but few holidays, and, in fact, the five days preceding a new year are the only ones they keep. These five days are an incessant round of festivity; but there is a custom prevalent at this period which would, perhaps, not be much relished in England. Creditors dun their debtors in China as well as elsewhere, and during these holidays become unusually importunate; and if their demands are not discharged on the last night of the old year, repair to the houses of their debtors, where, taking a seat, they observe the most profound silence. As soon as midnight is passed, the creditor rises, congratulates his debtor on the new year, and retires. But woe to his host; for the debtor, according to the custom of China, has then lost his face, and no person will trust him afterwards.

How to secure Treasure.—It is, perhaps needless to observe, that the late robbery of the gold coins from the cabinets of the National Collection at Paris, is such, that no cost or time can replace. They were the acquisitions of centuries, collected by men enthusiastically devoted to the object; and obtained only by the purchase of the entire collections of distinguished antiquaries. With many, there are curious interesting *notitia* connected, but none that will more interest the uninitiated, than the following, which is related by Spon, in his *Voyages*:—Vaillant, the celebrated numismatic antiquary, who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, returning from the Archipelago, where he had been collecting various coins and remains of times long passed by, was pursued by an Algerine Corsair; fears for his unique and rare specimens instantly possessed him, and in his tremor, he actually swallowed twenty of them. A sudden change of wind enabled the vessel he was on board to elude the rover, and Vaillant got to land with the coins within him. On his road to Avignon he met with two physicians, of whom he required assistance; but doctors will differ as to treatment; and, uncertain how to determine between two contradictory counsels, he adopted neither, but pursued his course to Lyons, where he met his old friend and physician, Doctor Du Four, as ardent an antiquary as himself, and to whom he related his adven-

ture. Du Four, absorbed in the rapturous idea of beholding some new numismatic rarity, without thinking for a moment of the uneasy symptoms which might necessarily be occasioned by the unnatural burden which his patient bore about him, first asked him, in the true spirit of a zealot, whether the coins were of the higher or lower empire: and, on being assured they were of the higher empire, Du Four was delighted with the hopes of obtaining such rarities, and actually bargained with Vaillant, on the spot, for certain coins—one part of the agreement being, that he was to recover them at his own expense, which he accordingly did. Du Four's collection was, after his decease, purchased by the curators for the Royal Museum; it has escaped the writer's recollection, whether Vaillant's passed into the French or Swedish museums.

Schiller.—Gustavus Feuerlein has just published a Latin version of the whole of Schiller's lyrical poems, at Stuttgart: and we select from some of the happiest of his efforts, which are given in a recent German periodical, the subjoined translation of his "Hymn to Joy."

*Demissa summo Letitia ex polo,
O flamma splendens, cœlitibus sata!
Ea! igne contactus supero
Nos penetrat tum petentes.
Injuriis vincula seculo
Disrupta mitis vi magica ligas.
Omnes beas fraternitate,
Quo tua grata moratur ala.*

CHORUS.

*Amplctimur vos, innumerales!
Sint universis hæc data suria!
Fratres, supra stellas supremas,
Est adamans pater atque amatus!*

A Kentucky Steam-boat.—The following specimen of the western superlative, is said to be from the mouth of a Kentucky steam-boat captain. While dilating, in a strain of exuberant commendation, on the excellence of his craft, he says, "She trots off like a horse—all boiler—full pressure—it's hard work to hold her in, at the wharves and landings. I could run her up a cataract. She draws eight inches of water—goes at three knots a minute—and jumps all the snags and sand-banks."

Tatauing.—The New Zealanders tatau their faces in a very singular but elegant style. The operation is thus performed: the instrument being dipped in the Ngarahu, or black pigment (which, being kept in hard balls, has been previously moistened with water), is placed on the skin, and smartly struck with a piece of wood; the blood which flows is wiped away with a piece of muka or flax, so that it might not impede the view of the operator, and cause him to form the lines or figures irregularly. After the operation the parts swell; and if the tatauing has been in the vicinity of the eye, the integuments around become so much tumefied as to impede vision for the space of nearly four days, and the tataued part festers: on account of the great irritation attendant on this operation, a small portion of the figures can only be done at one time. The custom of ornamenting, by puncturing the skin and inserting a colouring matter, is widely diffused over the globe; it is found existing at most of the Polynesian Islands; among some of the South American tribes, &c. a difference of the manner in which the tataued figures are formed, is found existing among them. The New Zealanders tatau the face in circular or curved lines; the figures over the face of the Marquesians were more varied; at Tongatabu and the Island of Rotuma, the face is not tataued, but the arms, legs, and thighs, and also the abdomen, are tataued in straight, angular, and waved lines; but at Tahiti the figures formed over the body in stars, trees, &c. surpassed all productions of the art I had seen at other islands of the Polynesian Archipelago; the females at most of the islands are tataued, but in a very slight degree.—*Bennett's MS. Journal.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Non.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 9	50 39	30.20	S.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 10	45 30	30.45	N. to N.E.	Clear.
Sat. 11	43 31	30.40	N.E.	Cloudy.
Sun. 12	43 33	30.20	N.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 13	43 33	30.10	N.E.	Ditto.
Tues. 14	38 23	30.00	N.E.	Ditto.
Wed. 15	33 24	30.00	N.E.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus.
Mean temperature of the week, 36° 5'.
Nights and mornings fair. Day increased on Wednesday, 2h. 10min.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—Guide to Herne Bay, with an Engraving of every object on the banks of the Thames, and a View of the New Pier, by G. W. Bonner.

Guide to the Theatres of the Metropolis, with Engravings of each, by Bonner, and a History of the Rise and Fall of the Drama.

The sixth edition of the "Unknown Tongues, with an Engraving, by Cruikshank, of the "Dramatis personæ."

Cruikshank's Comic Album, Vol. 2.

A History of the Church of England, by the Rev. Thomas Vowler Short, B.D.

Conjectures concerning the Identity of the Patriarch Job, his Family, the Time in which he lived, and the Locality of the Land of Uz, by the Rev. Samuel Lysons.

Reflections on the Metaphysical Principles of the Infinitesimal Analysis, by M. Carnot. Translated by the Rev. W. R. Brewster, M.A.

Plotini Opera, ex recensione Frid. Creuzeri.

Suidæ Lexicon, ex recensione T. Gaisford, L.G.P.R.

Index Græcitalis Platonicæ, Opera T. Mitchell, A.M.

The Works of Archbishop Crammer.

Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time. New edit.

The Works of Francis Bragge, B.D.

Origines Hebrææ, or the Antiquities of the Hebrew Republic, by Thomas Lewis, M.A.

The Criterion, or, Miracles Examined, by John Douglas, D.D. Bishop of Salisbury.

Among other announcements is a new periodical, to be called the Nautical Magazine, a work intended to be a Register of Maritime Discoveries in all parts of the World, with Reviews of interesting Voyages and Works relating to Hydrography.

Principles of Astronomy, by William Brett, M.A. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

Richard of York, or, the White Rose of England, an Historical Novel.

The Adventures of Barney Mahoney, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

Santarem, or, Sketches of Society and Manners in the Centre of Portugal.

On the 31st of March a new Monthly Periodical, to be called The Comic Magazine.

The Feast of Kenilworth and Poet Life, a Tale from the German of Tieck.

Mr. W. B. S. Taylor has nearly completed a translation of M. Merimee's Work, entitled a History of the Art of Painting in Oil, from the earliest period to the present time.

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